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The Editors
NERVOUS EUROPEANS

ONE DOLLAR

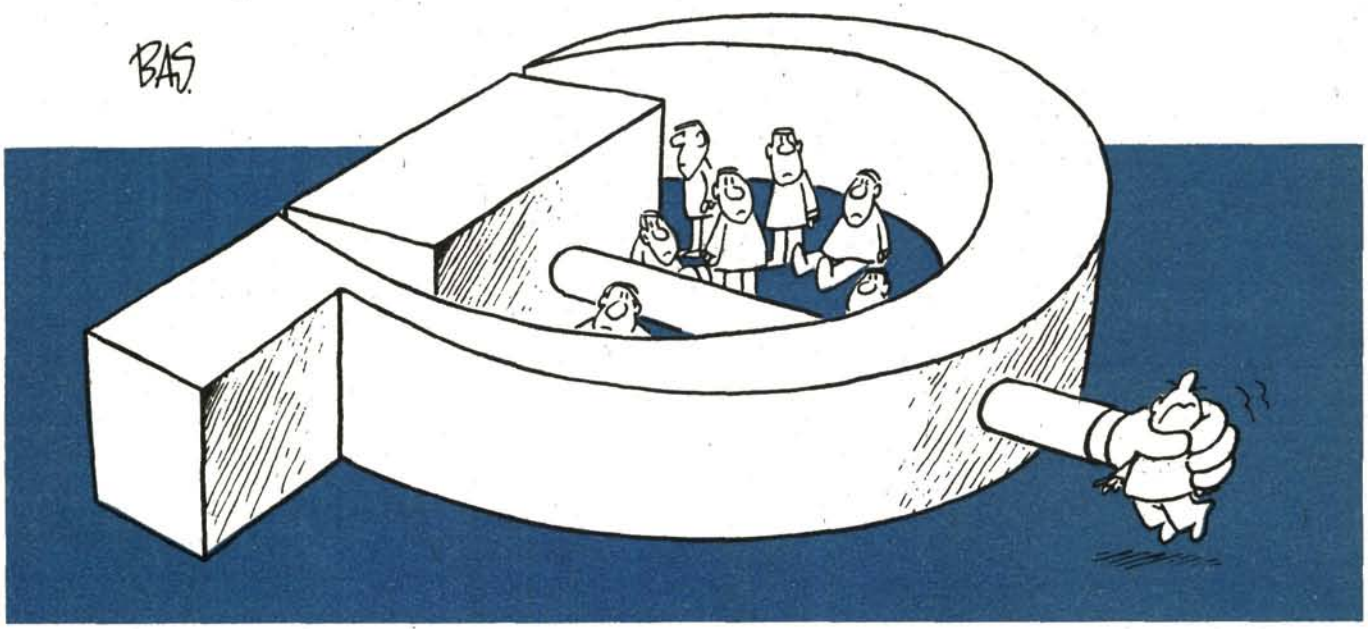
SEPTEMBER 25, 1981

St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

BETTER FLIGHT THAN THE GULAG

To the Finland border

RICHARD J. KRICKUS



Get ready, I feel a draft

GORDON C. ZAHN

Division over Mother Teresa

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

ALSO: UNA CHAUDHURI O
BRIAN BROWN ON **THE CA**
ON **RENEWABLE ENERG**
ON **GREECE & THE LEF**
TERROR NETWORK • C

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Correspondence

Defeat or stand-off?

Chicago Ill.

To the Editors: The editors' eye-catching title of Thomas Sheehan's report from Italy, "Abortion 1, Pope 0: A Crusade That Failed" [June 6], adapts the rhetoric of a sports writer to a volatile political and ethical issue. "On May 17 and 18," Sheehan writes, "the Italian electorate, 97.5 percent Catholic on the books, roundly defeated a church-sponsored referendum that in effect would have rolled back Italy's three-year-old abortion law. The pope had staked a lot on this vote." Architectonic to Sheehan's analysis of what he calls John Paul II's "far more serious challenge — not to his life but to what he stands for" is "the enormity of the defeat at the polls — 68 percent to 32 percent" in "this most Catholic of countries."

Embedded in Sheehan's analysis is the conviction that the pope would not have undertaken his "crusade" had he been more familiar with Italy's church-state relations and with the accommodating style of the Italian hierarchy. A strong case can be made, however, that the pope knew full well the risk he was taking, that he did in fact understand the Italian situation and that he chose deliberately to exert his leadership in order to change the status quo rather than accept it. Beckett may be Wojtyla's model rather than Richelieu. In this context, therefore, one might conclude that while the pope did not succeed, he did not fail, either — in a characteristically Italian stand-off.

In support of my hypothesis, let your readers consider the meaning of these very same political events and papal intentions, which I will interpret a bit differently:

- John Paul II's outspoken opposition to abortion and to any law legitimating it is seen by Sheehan as a "crusade" against the referendum. However, Wilton Wynn, *Time* magazine's correspondent in Rome, reported that the pope "was careful not to talk about the referendum itself." This is a subtle but all-important distinction.
- Despite the "win/lose" caption on Sheehan's report from Italy, his actual words are muted. He writes that the vote marked a "*somewhat* personal setback" for a pope who "seems to have lost what he wanted to gain." (My italics.)
- Sheehan says that "Italians who opposed the church's referendum spoke universally of abortion as a tragedy, but one which could become worse without the existing law." That moral climate in Italy *over there* appears to be far more civilized than ours here in the U.S.A. where the dominant attitude treats abortion strictly as a medical matter.
- Later in his report, Sheehan acknowledges that in Italy "eight out of ten Catholics do not actively practice their faith." Using that as a political yardstick to assess the consequences of the referendum's defeat for the pope's leadership, I conclude that the "crusade" against abortion did indeed appeal to the many non-practicing Catholics who voted against the referendum. Sheehan's choice of the word "enormity" to describe the magnitude of the pope's defeat was therefore infelicitous in more ways than one.
- Furthermore, the Italian ballot in May carried a second abortion referendum which would have liberalized the present law further but which, as Sheehan notes, "was defeated by an even greater margin than the Catholic proposal." Is it not premature then to describe, as Sheehan does, the results of the referendum and the events preceding it as a "bad fall" for the pope?

In view of the above, may I suggest that your headline might better have read: "Abortion 1, Pope 1."

ED MARCINIAK
Institute of Urban Life

One man's grassroots

Logansport, Ind.

To the Editors: In regard to Ralph Kiefer's article on Schillebeeckx on ministry [July 3]: the author comments on the growing attunement of better theology to new grassroots concerns.

I cannot comment on what the grassroots are saying in the rarefied atmosphere that Professor Kiefer inhabits, but I can assure him that the after-Mass crowd around here does not talk in terms of "the dichotomy between a primary liturgical ministry and liturgical style" nor are they chatting wide-eyed about the "symbiosis of authority, liturgy, and doctrine."

He also states that "a male and celibate priesthood was acceptable . . . as long as God could be perceived fundamentally as an intruder in the world." God may not be officially designated an "intruder" but he certainly has never been welcomed as an honored guest. . . .

BILL McTAGGART

Liturgy & our lives

Carbondale, Ill.

To the Editors: In his review of Schillebeeckx's book, *Ministry*, "Herald of a new reformation?" [July 3] Ralph A. Kiefer warns his readers that this new book by Schillebeeckx will most likely evoke a Roman investigation which will not lead to exoneration. Perhaps he is right. But before we all get our liberal ire up and rush to the defense of the theses Kiefer proposes apropos Schillebeeckx, it is important to take note of some of the dubious assumptions involved in the argument of Kiefer's review.

Throughout the entire piece the liberal assumption that formal democracy is a real solution to social and ecclesial problems underlies the attempt to link liturgy and people, spirituality and the world, and doctrine and life. Specifically, the

(Continued on page 542)

Commonweal is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, Book Review Digest and Review Index. Microfilm from Vol. 1, 1924, to current issues available through University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106. Serials Data program No.: ISSN 0010-3330. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Copyright© 1981 Commonweal Publishing Co.

Illustrations: Cover & p. 523, Bas., *Tachydromos*, Greece; p. 521, from the TV film "The World of Mother Teresa"; p. 527, from *The Iron Fist & The Velvet Glove*, Center for Research on Criminal Justice (1975); p. 530, Bird, LNS.

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Commonweal, A Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts, is published biweekly, except monthly Christmas-New Year's and July and August, by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone: (212) MU 3-2042. Yearly subscriptions, U.S. and Canada, $22; foreign, $24. Special two-year rate: $39; foreign, $43. Single copy, $1.

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WHY THE NELLIES ARE NERVOUS

WHILE MENACHEM BEGIN rounded out his trip to the U.S. and David Stockman sparred with Caspar Weinberger over the size of the military budget, Alexander Haig was off to West Berlin to begin what aides called a vigorous campaign to strengthen the resolve and unity of the Western alliance. Evidence of the problem the secretary had come to address was ready at hand: his visit was the occasion for the biggest anti-American demonstration in Berlin since the war in Vietnam.

Part of Secretary Haig's Berlin message was a paean to democracy and a plea that the West be ready to defend it. With that, we can only agree. Another part was the secretary's charges about Soviet or Vietnamese use of toxins in Southeast Asia, charges which should dismay but not surprise anyone already aware of the ruthlessness of Moscow's and Hanoi's interventions in Afghanistan, Laos, and Kampuchea. We simply hope, for the credibility of the U.S., that these accusations prove to be better documented than previous statements issuing from the State Department. The heart of Haig's speech, however, was his analysis of the sources of tension within the Western alliance. Here he dwelt upon all those psychological tendencies that have become the stock-in-trade for American diagnosticians of the "post-Vietnam syndrome." He spoke of a lack of hope, an indecisiveness, a soul-searching that has become "compulsive" and "an end in itself." He warned of pessimism and—twice—of "excessive introspection." And finally he complained of "a growing double standard" in judging Western and Soviet-bloc foreign policy.

No doubt these charges aptly fit a number of those marching that day in West Berlin's streets. But they are terribly self-deceptive when offered as an explanation of the widespread and well-considered nervousness in Europe about Washington's notions of defending democracy. That nervousness exists far beyond those entertaining a residual anti-Americanism or relying on apparently endless streams of wishful thinking in their views of the Soviets. It is based on real doubts about Washington's intentions and level-headedness. Specific arguments about Pershing missiles and neutron bombs cannot be detached from their context of increasing U.S. assertiveness, increasing emphasis on arms and deemphasis of negotiations, increasing impatience with hearing out European views, increasing dismissal of restless public opinion as naively pacifist or crypto-Communist. Clarion calls for the defense of democracy are apt to sound false when they are linked to identification with repressive regimes in Central and Latin America, support at the UN of South Africa and Pol Pot, and a diminished interest in the economic plight of third-world nations and their hungry populations. Secretary Haig was thinking of Afghanistan when he said, in Berlin, "Can a nation be free when its independence is subordinate to the will of a foreign power? Can a people be uplifted when innocent civilians are the targets of terror?" But others might well have thought of El Salvador,

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Guatemala, Argentina, South Africa. This double-standard business may be more complicated than Haig realizes.

The administration's foreign policy-makers seem to believe that sheer willpower can substitute for an international outlook that is politically sensitive and morally consistent. They ignore what the historian Fritz Stern, a longtime defender of liberal democracy, recently wrote: "We must learn again that the alliance ultimately rests on a moral consensus. Power is not enough and toughness is not enough."

Election in Greece

THE LEFT COMES CLOSER

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR EUROSOCIALISM

THE OVERWHELMING Socialist victory in France may presage—and facilitate—similar shifts elsewhere in Western Europe. In particular, it may encourage the people in one of NATO's more troubled democracies — Greece — to exchange their current moderate-conservative leaders for alternatives on the left when parliamentary elections are held on October 18.

If Washington viewed the election of French President François Mitterrand with somewhat jaundiced resignation, a socialist victory in Greece will likely cause deep anxiety in U.S. policy-making circles. For the main Greek opposition party, the Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK), advocates a strongly nationalist foreign policy for Greece and has called for total Greek withdrawal from NATO, pledged to close all U.S. bases on Greek territory, and opposed Greek accession into the European Community. A PASOK victory next month would alter the tone and content of Greece's role in NATO and in the European Community.

A PASOK victory would also represent a remarkable sea-change in Greek politics. Like the French, the Greeks have long expressed their desire for change, but the brutal civil war that ended in 1949 when the Western-backed royalist forces crushed the then powerful Communists left a profound fear among many Greeks of anything left of center. A center-left coalition, led by late Prime Minister George Papandreou, did succeed in wresting power from the conservatives in 1963 and, after a clear electoral victory, in 1964-1965. However, then King Constantine and some conservative allies went out of their way of undermine Papandreou's authority and, aided by several defections from the prime minister's own supporters, eventually dissolved his government in a virtual palace coup. Two years later, on April 21, 1967, a group of unknown colonels overthrew constitutional government in Greece. Despite some righteous rhetoric from Washington, the U.S. became the colonels' most enthusiastic backer.

When the junta collapsed in 1974, current President Constantine Karamanlis, who had served as prime minister for almost a decade until 1963, returned to Greece from self-exile in Paris to take over the government and restore democracy. The conservative New Democracy party, led by Karamanlis and stocked with politicians who had held office in the 1950s and early 1960s, has won both parliamentary elections held since then, in 1974 and 1977. Karamanlis himself headed the government as prime minister until he stepped up to the presidency last year.

Karamanlis continues to enjoy widespread popularity, yet support for New Democracy has slipped steadily since 1974, to the point that PASOK is given at least an even chance of emerging from next month's elections as the largest party. Several factors have contributed to New Democracy's slippage: an inflation rate that has accelerated to over 25 percent, an annual rate of economic growth that has fallen to an anemic 1.5 percent, a rising trade deficit exacerbated by the 37 percent devaluation of the drachma against the dollar in the last fifteen months, a declining quality of life in urban areas, the controversial decision to rejoin the military arm of NATO last October (Greece withdrew in 1974 to protest what it considered the U.S. acquiescence in the Turkish invasion of Cyprus), and allegations of weakness toward Turkey. But a more palpable, less easily quantifiable factor is the sense among many Greeks that the same people have simply governed too long, and that things will deteriorate further unless new, more forceful leaders are found. Thus, when asked what they like about the opposition, many Greeks who plan to vote against Prime Minister George Rallis's government often stress their belief that PASOK will be "stronger" domestically and internationally but offer only a sketchy view of what that means.

Appropriately, the person who will become prime minister if the left wins next fall is PASOK leader Andreas Papandreou, the former prime minister's son. Papandreou — who was once a U.S. citizen, has an American wife, served in the U.S. navy, and taught economics at the University of Minnesota and at Berkeley before returning to Greece in 1959 — has made anti-Americanism the centerpiece of his political program since the downfall of his father's government and the 1967 military coup. Two of his principal slogans are "Who rules Greece?" and "Greece to the Greeks." He runs PASOK with an iron hand. His dominance of his party is so complete that his close associates who are likely to occupy key posts in a PASOK government are virtually unknown.

Whether Papandreou will actually implement his hardline policies if elected is anybody's guess. That will depend in part on the size of the majority he takes office with. The current conventional wisdom is that neither New Democracy nor PASOK will succeed in winning a large enough majority to govern for long and that a second trip to the polls may soon be necessary. More important, in the last few years, as he has moved nearer to the seat of power, Papandreou has moderated his positions although he occasionally shows flashes of his old rhetoric. Thus, while he continues to attack past U.S. involvement in his country and Greece's reintegration into NATO, he has recently implied that, like France, Greece should remain in the Alliance for the time being but withdraw

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from its military arm. Instead of promising immediately to close all U.S. bases on Greek territory, he now says that there will be a transition period of indeterminate length and has seemed to link the fate of the bases on continued U.S. arms sales to Greece, a condition that should not be difficult for Washington to meet.

Finally, Papandreou no longer assails his country's accession into the European Community. He now only complains that the New Democracy government was not tough enough in negotiating the terms of entry. He has promised to ask Karamanlis to call a referendum to decide whether Greece should remain in the Community and if so to demand renegotiation of the accession agreement. Karamanlis, who as president possesses sole power to call referenda, regards Greek membership in the Community as the crowning achievement of his career and will not likely agree to such a vote unless he is certain to win.

But despite Papandreou's attempt to cast a more moderate image, the lingering legacy of the civil war, almost four decades of virtually uninterrupted conservative rule, manipulation of the alleged leftist threat by some on the right, and the disastrous end of his father's government in the early 1960s have created a climate of apprehension toward the prospect of a PASOK government. Moreover, the still fresh memory of the cozy relationship between the U.S. government and the junta and now the reborn proclivity of Washington to support dictatorships in many places around the globe in the name of anti-communism have rekindled fears among many that the United States might not allow the left to gain power.

Seven years of steady democratic rule, the accession of Greece into the European Community, Papandreou's assiduous courtship of the military, and the widespread view among serious observers that the military has no desire to become involved in politics after their disastrous experience in 1967-1974 have alleviated these fears somewhat. Nevertheless, there remains a pervasive belief in a sinister force that ultimately determines all policy in Greece. That feeling was recently reinforced by an epidemic of fires around Greece that many believe was the work of politically-motivated, right-wing arsonists.

Paradoxically, the fact that Karamanlis will be president until May 1985 has improved the chances that Papandreou, the president's long-time political rival, will become prime minister this fall. For Karamanlis possesses formidable powers — the right to veto legislation, dissolve parliament and call elections and referenda — that he can use to temper Papandreou's policies if they become too extreme, a prospect that reassures many undecided voters who are disgruntled with New Democracy but distrust PASOK. Thus, to an extent both the result of the coming election and the extent of change if PASOK wins will hinge on the relationship between Papandreou and Karamanlis.

Moreover, Papandreou will be under strong domestic and foreign pressure not to stray too far from the foreign policy line established by his predecessors. A broad consensus on foreign policy issues has emerged in Greece for the first time in this century. It revolves around a renewed sense of nationalism, a determination to maintain the country's independence and to protect the integrity of its democratic institutions, and a belief that the economic, political, and military future of Greece lies with the West. Although the next Greek prime minister — whether Rallis or Papandreou — will possess great flexibility in setting individual policies, he will have to operate within the bounds of that consensus.

And most Western leaders will do everything they can to encourage Athens not to cast off from the West, as they realize the importance of Greece for the political and military cohesion of the Western world. In that regard, Papandreou's socialist colleagues in Western Europe — for example Mitterrand, whose victory PASOK has tried to exploit to enhance its own electoral prospects and who is said to be close to Papandreou — will be among the strongest advocates of prudence.

Ronald Reagan, on his way back to Washington from the Ottawa summit, expressed pleasure at how much common ground existed between himself and the French president. Americans would likely find that a shift to the left in Greece would also pose no threat to fundamental U.S. interests, even if it initially eliminated the elements of predictability and reliability that now exist in U.S.-Greek relations and resulted in changes that might not be popular in Washington.

LEIGH H. BRUCE

(Leigh H. Bruce is the Assistant Editor of Foreign Policy.)

'Catholic News,' R.I.P.

'GET THE POWERHOUSE!'

THE DAY THE POWDER KEG EXPLODED

LAST MONTH the *Catholic News*, the official newspaper for the archdiocese of New York, ceased publication after ninety-five years and 4,925 successive weekly editions. At the time of its death, the *News* was selling a measly 20,000 copies but at the turn of the century its circulation was as high as 150,000 and even in the early 1960s it was required reading for some 80,000 Catholics living within the archdiocese.

Much of the *Catholic News* was simply representative of the Catholic press in general. Each week my mother dutifully taped the Legion of Decency movie ratings on our refrigerator door to remind her what films were permissible. In the world of the *News*, parental guidance was not suggested, it was required. Nor was any issue of the paper complete without a photograph of the cardinal (then Spellman) shaking hands with some newly-inducted Knights of Malta, or of a bishop turning a spade of earth at the ground-breaking ceremony for a new parochial school. There was an obligatory column by Msgr. Fulton Sheen and plenty of classified ads for tours to Lourdes and other religious pilgrimages.

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In other words, like many other Catholic papers, the *News* strove for and achieved, a very special tone — dullness. By any measure the *Catholic News* was dull. No doubt it was read out of that same sense of devotion which made people stand stock-still during the Palm Sunday Gospel or make multiple visits to church during Forty Hours. To read the *Catholic News* from first page to last earned you a plenary indulgence and the guaranteed presence of a priest at your deathbed. The *News* avoided all issues that could be remotely construed as controversial. Divorce, contraception, and abortion did not exist in the minds of the editors. As a reporter there in the early sixties, I covered ordinations, anniversary Masses, Communion breakfasts, Knights of Columbus dinners, baptisms, funerals, confirmations, Catholic Charity Drives, the Bishop's Relief Fund, and parish transfers. The latter was at least spicy since it led to speculation among the clergy and the laity. Was Father Duffy back on the sauce? Why else would Spelly send him to Wappingers Falls? Conversely, Father Duffy's return from upstate might indicate that he was off the sauce and this led to even further speculation that Duffy could make monsignor if he kept his nose clean.

The editorial staff used to take bets on the location and duration of a priest's exile for bad behavior or for speaking out on a controversial issue like civil rights, which was just beginning to concern the secular press. One young zealot, fresh out of the seminary, had the temerity to remind his smug congregation in a restricted suburban community that "there were no zoning laws in heaven." Shortly thereafter he found himself in a decidedly unzoned parish in Spanish Harlem.

In those days the *News* was located on Park Avenue in the lower 30s. It later moved to Mt. Vernon because of the crime in the city, as a press release explained it. The Park Avenue offices were on the second floor. To reach that lofty elevation, one had to climb up a rickety staircase to the landing where a visitor was greeted by a large tapestry stretching from the ceiling to the floor. The tapestry was completely black with the exception of a small white flame in the middle. At the bottom was a caption: "Catholic News — Beacon of Truth."

At the *News* the truth was whatever the chancery said it was. Editorials urged blind obedience to all ecclesiastical utterances. The most embarrassing day in the history of the paper had to be October 22, 1960 when, through some printer's error, an edition of the *News* appeared with an editorial cartoon sharply critical of President Eisenhower, provoking, I'm sure, a call from "the Powerhouse," as Cardinal Spellman's chancery was widely known in those days.

The *News* was printed upstate which meant that on Wednesdays the editor and the assistant editor would go there leaving the paper in the hands of me and a hard-nosed, potato-faced Chicago newshound whom I will call John Gaffney, which was not his name. Gaffney would regale me with hold-the-press stories from his journalistic past — of grisly homicides, gang warfare, arson, and the like. In these accounts, Gaffney was constantly receiving tips from shoeshine boys, bellhops, and especially bartenders, his favorite people. "I was sitting on a powder keg," he would tell me as a preamble to a story he broke after the cops dredged up the bullet-riddled body of a labor racketeer found wearing "cement galoshes" in Lake Michigan.

Maybe the powder kegs eventually got to Gaffney, who developed an undue fondness for drink. He also lost his jobs at the Chicago *Trib*, the *Sun-Times*, and a whole string of midwestern dailies. At the time I assumed these two developments were related, but now that I know more about the mysterious relationship between alcohol and reportorial performance, as well as the arbitrariness of hiring and firing, I realize this wasn't necessarily fair. In any case, Gaffney was on the *Catholic News* staff only at the intercession of an influential priest friend of Gaffney's long-suffering wife. Continued employment was dependent upon Jack staying off the booze. This he did, with the notable exception of Wednesday, when he would have more than a few unsupervised nips from a bottle of Jack Daniels that was stashed under the copy paper in the bottom drawer of his desk. Before taking a belt, Gaffney would piously bless what he called "the sacred substance" contained in the bottle.

The other member of our Wednesday staff was the copy boy who was in fact a copy girl, and to be more exact, a nun. Sister Theresa, also not her real name, was an Olive Oyl lookalike who favored shapeless summer dresses with puffed sleeves, making her frail arms seem even thinner than they were. She was on health leave from her order because she was suffering apparitions; that is, she was seeing visions of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, individually and sometimes collectively. When an apparition came upon her, which they did without warning, she would fall to her knees, lift her arms in a prayerful fashion and cast her eyes to heaven. There she would remain transfixed until the vision passed away, at which point she would pick up whatever she had dropped in her moment of ecstasy and carry on as if nothing had happened.

Everyone got used to Sister Theresa suddenly dropping to her knees, except Gaffney who by his own admission was "spooked" by her apparitions. Whenever Sister Theresa fell to her knees, Gaffney would reach for his bottle, forgetting at times even to render his obligatory blessing. The *News* may have been a cautious publication but no one could fault it for not being an equal opportunity employer.

SO THERE WE were, we three, on a steaming hot August afternoon with no air-conditioner (better to to burn now than later) and blissfully unaware that we were sitting on a powder keg. It began innocently enough with a phone call which Gaffney answered in his usual sensitive manner: "Gaffney here. What's your problem?" It was a lady from Brooklyn explaining that her daughter was named Philomena and that the Vatican had just announced Saint Philomena was no longer a saint.

"Once a saint, always a saint," snarled Gaffney, slamming the phone back in the cradle. "On top of that she's in the wrong precinct."

"Diocese," I corrected.

"Why the hell didn't she call the *Tablet*?" demanded

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Gaffney, referring to our rival publication, the *Brooklyn Tablet*.

"Maybe she was upset."

"Did you hear anything about a Vatican announcement?"

I shook my head.

The phone rang again. That was already one more phone call than we ever got on a Wednesday. It was another mother of a Philomena. While Gaffney counseled the bereaved, I switched on an all-news radio station, the one that offers to give you the world if you give them twenty-two minutes. All the phones were ringing now. The announcer repeated the top story, that the pope had pronounced Philomena a non-saint along with a whole number of saints who had questionable credentials. We didn't know it then, but in terms of psychological impact this may have been the opening shot of Vatican II. For Philomenas and Friday fish-eaters, the church would never be the same again.

For the first time ever, the switchboard was completely lit — electronic candles for St. Philomena. Gaffney was cradling a phone in each ear. "Get me the Powerhouse!" he shouted. Never in the course of my tenure at the *Catholic News* had I received, much less placed, a call to the Powerhouse. "We need a statement from Spelly!" barked Gaffney. While I dialed the Powerhouse, Gaffney banged his desk bell for Sister Theresa. "Get me the file on Philomena!" he screamed at the cowering nun. "I want everything you got. Birth. Beatification. Number of miracles attributed. The works."

"Philomena was a virgin," I volunteered. Gaffney looked at me with a startled expression. "A virgin saint," I amended. "She threw herself off a cliff to protect her virginity."

"Check it out!" said Gaffney to the nun, who retreated in the direction of the morgue. After a dozen or more rings someone at the Powerhouse picked up the phone. Fortunately for us it was Cardinal Spellman's administrative assistant, McGuire or McGovern or some such name.

"Mac," snapped Gaffney, putting his other calls on hold. "We're sitting on a powder keg here. It's this Philomena business. Phones are ringing off the hook and only me and the kid are here to handle it. You better get Spelly to make a statement." Mac told Gaffney he would talk to Cardinal Spellman and get back to us. Gaffney hit his hold buttons but the mothers of Philomena had disappeared. "I hope they bug the *Tablet*," said Gaffney, who then directed me to call our printer in Albany and alert the managing editor to the crisis.

"What's the number ?" I asked.

"See if the publisher has it."

As I headed for the front office, I passed Sister Theresa coming back from the morgue with Philomena's file. She had that look in her eyes. Sure enough, before she got to Gaffney's desk, she fell to her knees, arms outstretched, eyes toward heaven. Philomena's bio fell to the floor. "She's having an apparition," I shouted to Gaffney.

"Oh God," Said Gaffney, reaching for the bottom drawer of his desk while telling yet another caller what she could do about her problem.

BRIAN BROWN

(Brian Brown is a New York publicist who has never been known to embroider a good story.)

Report from Nairobi

WOOD, WIND, & WATER

CONFERENCE ON RENEWABLE ENERGY

THE UNITED NATIONS Conference on New and Renewable Sources of Energy opened August 10 in Nairobi, Kenya, with speeches from Mrs. Indira Gandhi, M. Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Prime Minister Thorbjorn Falldin of Sweden, President Seaga of Jamaica, and of course President Daniel arap Moi of Kenya, the host country.

The subject of the conference is of vital importance to many countries, but apparently an exercise in boredom for others. The wet-blanket approach of the United States, following drastic domestic budget cuts for new and renewable energy sources, did not exactly encourage a major effort on the part of other developed nations. Few European or third-world delegates, or even Canadians, had ever heard of Mr. Stanton D. Anderson, the head of the U.S. delegation. This was, rightly or wrongly, widely interpreted as indicating the low priority given to sun and wind and water and wood and all the rest by the U.S. government. Aided and abetted by their good friends from the Soviet Union, the U.S. has done its best to prevent the establishment of a really high priority UN committee to deal with these questions, as well as any serious multilateral funding.

This may not have killed the conference — in any event, few would be so undiplomatic as to suggest this — and a Plan of Action is being hammered out in committee meetings which are closed to the press. The polarities are sharp: the Group of 77 (G-77, consisting of the third-world countries and OPEC), the EEC (EC-10), the Nordic countries, the USSR, the U.S., China, and Japan are all ranged in varying position, with the main tension generated between G-77 and the developed nations. G-77 wants a solid program with some teeth, prestige, and money, and the G-77 proposal for the Plan of Action was the most detailed and comprehensive. Given the character of UN politics, this has to be interpreted as a bid for high profile and prestige. The UN does not command.

The horse-trading goes on, and some of the questions are substantive. No one really wants another big bureaucracy to promote NRSEs (New and Renewable Sources of Energy). On the other hand, G-77 objects strenuously to the original EC-10 proposal to bury this concern in the already-established UN bureaucracy by relegating this function to an existing committee on natural resources, as well as to funding by shuffling already committed UN funds (a U.S. proposal). As I write the game is not over; we shall learn the score when the final Plan of Action is approved.

Behind the wrangling about language and structures and money, there are some serious questions. Barely recognized

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What was the final result of the Nairobi meeting from which Jordan Bishop sent the accompanying report? In the September 11 issue of *Science*, Colin Norman reports, "In the end, the industrialized North and the developing South agreed to disagree. The conference simply established a relatively powerless body within the United Nations to coordinate UN renewable energy programs and to report within a year on the need for new institutional or funding arrangements.

"This outcome pleased the United States. James Stromayer, who coordinated U.S. preparations . . . told a reporter . . . that he was 'thrilled' . . . . Was the conference a waste of money and effort? '. . . Only . . . if you wanted to have a new fund or a new institution,' says Charles Weill, science and technology adviser to the World Bank. 'In terms of raising consciousness and focusing attention on renewable energy, it was very successful.' . . . Many governments were forced to consider for the first time the potential role of new and renewable energy. . . ."

by most people in developed nations is the fact that the fuelwood crisis in many third-world rural areas is much more serious than our own much-touted energy crisis. Women (another forgotten majority) must often spend hours gathering firewood for cooking as woodlands are depleted, resulting in serious erosion, accelerated silting of hydroelectric dams, and loss of valuable farmland. Women in Kenya dramatized the situation with a fuelwood march on the second day of the conference and have organized an extensive tree-planting campaign. Yet some who have studied the question estimate that merely for the world to hold its own in fuelwood, something like $2 billion annually for five years would be required. In some parts of India, the solution of this problem is a precondition for the establishment of many small and large hydroelectric projects.

The North, on the whole, appears to be more interested in "high" renewable technology. China leads most of the world in extensive reforestation, some eighty thousand mini- and micro-hydroelectric installations in isolated areas, and widespread use of "bio-digesters" which provide bio-gas for cooking — thus saving wood and land from further erosion. It should be noted that the Chinese are not engaging in any flag-waving about this. They came to Nairobi to learn. All the same, it was fascinating to watch an informal exchange between an American NGO representative and an engineer from the official Chinese delegation. The American was interested in Chinese know-how.

Parallel to the official conference, several hundred NGO (Non-Governmental Organization) delegates from around the world held a forum of their own, with a plethora of workshops on wind and water and wood and anything else that seemed relevant. Some of the NGOs, representing a wide range of both environmental and developmental groups (one NGO noted that the Friends of the Earth could have called a world meeting and achieved a quorum) were engaged in lobbying official delegations as well as in the interchange of ideas among themselves. On several occasions official delegates met with groups of NGOs, and Enrique Iglesias, Secretary General of the Conference, appeared twice at the NGO Forum.

In many areas, NGOs are engaged in projects at the village level, although third-world NGOs are at times viewed with some suspicion by their governments, and most NGOs with some condescension by development professionals from the North. In both cases there may be some foundation for these attitudes, given the great variety of NGOs. Yet their importance came closer to being recognized in this conference than in any previous UN meeting, and Mr. Iglesias stressed the need to strengthen third-world NGOs in particular. They often represent a grassroots involvement vital for the solution of energy and development problems at the local level.

The situation is very serious, although some questions that lie close to the surface here will become fully visible only in the coming North-South meeting at Cancún, Mexico. Frustration runs high in many third-world nations as energy bills and debt service consume all or most of their export earnings. One American observer here at the conference, Hazel Henderson, suggested that these nations may be forced to play their last card if effective relief is not forthcoming: a collective default on international debts.

JORDAN BISHOP

(Jordan Bishop is a member of E-4-D—Energy for Development — a coalition of Canadian environmental and development NGOs formed around the Nairobi conference, from where he sent this report.)

Of several minds: *Abigail McCarthy*

NEITHER PAUL NOR CEPHAS

DIVISION OVER MOTHER TERESA

IN THIS WHICH may well be the end of times, when our leaders discuss limited nuclear war (as if such a thing were possible), surely Christians should be speaking to the world with one clear voice. Instead we seem to be having at each other in absurd division. The controversy this past summer about Mother Teresa of Calcutta is a glaring example.

There was a time when bishops and saints were made so by acclamation and popular accord. It's highly unlikely that we will get back to choosing bishops that way but we do seem to be getting back to that way of deciding who is or is not a saint. If, in the simplest sense, a saint is someone raised up to bear witness and whose way of life is to be emulated, this makes sense. The elaborate process of canonization which has evolved through

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the centuries often presents us with models of lives lived in situations which no longer exist. The question is — how be a Christian now?

I suppose the simplest explanation for the great popularity of Mother Teresa is that, in a world of structures and technology in which no one person seems to matter very much, she has reaffirmed the preciousness of each human life. And her way of living out that affirmation has been colorful and dramatic. When she and the sisters who followed her donned white, blue-bordered saris and went out into the streets of one of the world's most teeming cities to gather the dying from the streets, they appealed powerfully to the imagination. And her strong worn face — surely the way a saint should look — her message of love, her adherence to the traditional in prayer and rule were comforting in a time of unprecedented change. Moreover there is implicit in her way of doing things the old and comforting teaching — not everyone is called to heroic virtue. What is asked of most of us is prayer and support. She symbolizes the ideal.

I heard a pastor who had carried his parishioners' contribution for Mother Teresa (some tens of thousands of dollars) to India tell of his journey. Almost in passing, he commented on what an Indian bishop had said to him, "Could you not tell your people of all the others working here, priests and sisters doing just as good work, people just as self-sacrificing, but who are hidden and unknown?" He could, of course, but the effect would not be very far-reaching. We have always known in a vague way of those others. But in Mother Teresa charity has a face.

Reports of unusual holiness among the early Christians spread by word of mouth. The reports of Mother Teresa's were spread by a world-wide communications system. Through the media Mother Teresa became known worldwide in a way that seemed almost mysterious and magical. And approval and fame were almost instantaneous. Everyone seemed to join the chorus, two popes, the curmudgeonly born-again Christian, Malcolm Muggeridge, William Buckley, Barbara Walters, third-

world conferences, the Nobel Peace Committee. It was probably inevitable that dissenting voices would eventually be raised.

It is worth noting, however, that the dissenting voices — some of them rather churlish — do not so much attack Mother Teresa herself. The quarrel is with the way she is presented. One can more or less dismiss the snide attacks of television personalities and others whose only criterion is whether someone prominent in the churches supports abortion or not. But the question may legitimately be raised as to whether Mother Teresa's way is not being presented as the better way, even the only way.

Our society demands unremitting analysis if Christians are to redeem it. Mother Teresa is not given to such analysis. Nor should she be. That is not her mission. But since Mother Teresa is a human being living within the limits of her own history and ours, and since she is often under pressure by the press, she sometimes is called to comment on things beyond her wisdom. Mother Teresa succoring the dying and taking in orphans in India is one thing, Mother Teresa defending a tyrannical Indira Gandhi is another. Mother Teresa performing luminous acts of personal charity is one thing; Mother Teresa implying criticism of other women who seek to wrestle with the system which condemns millions to lifelong wretchedness is another. To say this is painful for a writer who finds Mother Teresa lovable and admirable. And it is to invite the wrath of the devoted. But not to say it is to be false to an equally admirable woman — Barbara Ward, dying of cancer and using her last strength to try to explain (in a pamphlet written for the English Catholic Bishops' Conference) the issues involved in redressing the economic imbalance between rich and poor nations. It is not enough to support the saintly in the corporal works of mercy; it is necessary to pursue world justice. Therefore, it is begging the question to characterize those who say that Mother Teresa's is not the only way — as one of her defenders has — as people who are in love with "grand solutions."

There is, of course, no need to take sides. It is just that it is an unfortunate fact of human nature that people do. They have been doing it ever since Paul the apostle wrote in anguish to the Corinthians who were riven by contention. They were saying, he had heard — "I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ." Is Christ divided, he asked them angrily.

Through the centuries the so-called saintly and their adherents have contended with each other. Activists have criticized contemplatives; scholars have criticized missionaries. And the world has suffered. Christ divided cannot heal it.

But the real problem in the choosing of only one way or another is that those who do so are refusing to be whole, refusing to be totally informed about the world we live in, refusing to take personal responsibility. Let the saints do it, they are saying.

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

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Church/world watch

Challenge of a tradition

J. Bryan Hehir

ANNIVERSARIES CAN BE observed in strikingly different ways; the quality of the celebration tests a community's understanding of what it is commemorating. Such a test is with us in 1981, the ninetieth anniversary of the first social encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, and the corresponding anniversaries of the contributions of Pius XI, John XXIII, and Paul VI to the tradition begun by Leo XIII. Activists and academics alike have the opportunity to show how we hold and are held by the social tradition.

As a guide for celebrations, the paper given in May at Catholic University by John Coleman, S.J., sets a very high standard and provides a challenging perspective. (The paper was printed in the June 4 *Origins*, the documentary service of NC News.) Coleman was assigned the task of providing an historical context for understanding the teaching of the social encyclicals; in the process he articulated a set of principles for assessing the assets and limitations of the Catholic social vision.

One of the many points of the Coleman address worth pursuing is the need for a greater sense of the relativity or contingency of the social tradition. Commenting on his assignment to use an historical perspective, Coleman notes: "History is notoriously a relativizer of absolute values, authorities, and our often cherished myths and idealizations. History is a locus of inconsistencies and compromises as often as of logical coherence." The standard commentaries on the encyclical tradition seldom manifest sensitivity to this reality.

The reason may be the lack of adequate analytical tools. As Coleman observed, taking history seriously means more than being aware of the socio-political setting in which the encyclicals were written. Sensitivity to history requires the development of a body of critical commentary for the social teaching comparable to the role played by form criticism in biblical studies. Indeed if one looks at the spectrum of theological disciplines, the absence of a critical perspective is striking. Following the lead of biblical scholars, systematic theologians and moralists are developing interpretive methods for a critical understanding of church documents. Few comparable studies exist for the social teachings. As a consequence the reception of this material in the Catholic community too often is marked by disregard of its contents on the one hand or by literalism on the other. The latter attitude implicitly or explicitly attributes to the content of the tradition a degree of specificity or sophistication which is simply not in the texts.

Recognizing this fact does not necessarily lead to a plea for more specificity from the encyclicals themselves; they are, after all, documents designed for a worldwide community which encounters "the social question" in radically diverse forms. The need is for a body of interpretive and applied theory which uses the social teaching as a framework for social policy but not a blueprint. Such a critical theory should be addressed to the moral concepts used in the encyclicals and to the empirical assessments implied in or required by them.

Examples abound in the tradition of both ethical and empirical complexity and ambiguity. On the question of human rights the strength of the Catholic moral vision is manifested in an endorsement of a spectrum of both political and economic rights. Each of the specific claims is valid in itself, but there is little guidance about how a society is to be structured to guarantee these valid but competing moral claims. The trade-off between freedom and order, liberty and justice, and even between justice and peace is seldom explicitly acknowledged and never specifically adjudicated in the encyclicals. The example of how a critical commentary can enhance the tradition is fortunately available on the human-rights question in Fr. David Hollenbach's superb study, *Claims In Conflict* (Paulist Press, 1979). Hollenbach shows the strength of the moral vision in the tradition, but also moves to the question of how vision becomes policy in specific choices among rights.

The debate on nuclear deterrence, now being revived in church circles in the United States and England, illustrates how empirical data must be assessed if moral judgments are to be made. Official Catholic teaching, e.g. *Gaudium et Spes*, is less than lucid on the moral details of deterrence. The moral principle of noncombatant immunity, threatened by both superpowers, is clear. Also clear is the moral rule of practice, that a firmly held intention to do wrong, even if not executed, is blameworthy. The relationship between a *threat* to use the deterrent, the *intention* to use it, and the *consequences* of whether a credible threat really may prevent its use is not explored in the official Catholic teaching. The judgment of whether the threat does help prevent use is an empirical judgment. How one evaluates the role of this empirical judgment can shape the ethic of intention derived from the traditional moral principles. Here again the social teachings provide a framework for debate but hardly an explicit answer.

The framework is an extraordinarily rich and resilient one. It will be strengthened not diluted by critical commentary. This year's anniversaries remind us of the tradition's possibilities and challenge our use of it.

J. BRYAN HEHIR

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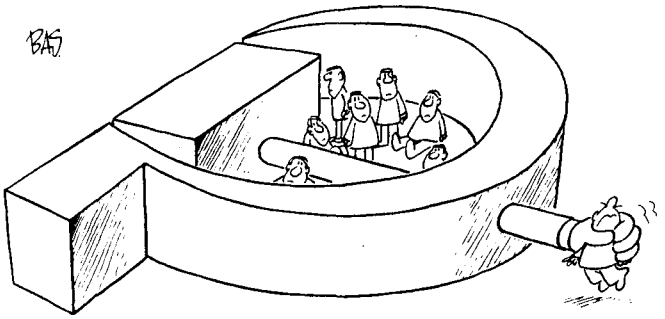
BETTER THE HAZARDS OF FLIGHT THAN THE GULAG



To the Finland border

RICHARD J. KRICKUS

THE FIRST DAY of June 1980, a warm Sunday evening in Vilnius, Lithuania. Vladys Sakalys is walking with his wife and son in the center of town. He turns to his wife and tells her he is about to be arrested.

A year earlier Vladys Sakalys was one of forty-five people who had signed a petition demanding that "foreign troops" be withdrawn from the Baltic countries and that they be allowed to determine their own political destinies. The petition cited Soviet and international law to justify its demands. With some of the other petitioners, Sakalys, an optician, had traveled to Moscow on August 23, 1979. That particular date and locale were chosen because forty years earlier the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact had been signed in the Soviet capital. In a secret protocol to the 1939 pact, the fate of the Baltic states was sealed; Estonia and Latvia were to go to the Soviet Union and Lithuania to Germany. But several weeks later the USSR got Lithuania too – except for the west shore of the Sesupe River. In 1941, not many months before the Germans invaded the Soviet Union, they sold the Lithuanian territory under their control to the Kremlin for $7.5 million in gold.

Andrei Sakharov, in "A Statement of Russian Democrats," endorsed the Baltic Declaration, the petition Sakalys had signed: ". . . Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia have been annexed into the Soviet Union . . . essentially as a result of the occupation of the Baltic states by the Soviet army." The Baltic Declaration and Sakharov's statement were distributed to Western newsmen, outraging the Soviet authorities. The Kremlin has never acknowledged the secret protocol to the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact, which categorically refutes Moscow's contention that the Baltic countries voluntarily associated with the USSR and justifies the Balts' demands for self-determination.

When he returned from Moscow to Lithuania Sakalys expected to be arrested, but the months pass and the long anticipated "visit" from the KGB does not occur. Then late on a Friday afternoon, May 30, he is taken from his home and driven to KGB headquarters.

Vladys Sakalys was first interrogated and beaten at the age of thirteen for "anti-Soviet" activities; he has spent fifteen of his thirty-eight years in prison camps—and knows what to expect. Indeed, among the interrogators is an "old friend," Lt. Col. Vytautas Kazhys, whom he had met years before.

Kazhys questions him about two of the people who had signed the petition—Antanas Terleckas and Julius Sasnauskas—and demands that he renounce the Baltic Declaration. Sakalys refuses to discuss Terleckas and Sasnauskas or renounce the petition even though he is reminded that some of his associates have been committed to mental hospitals. After more than four hours of interrogation, he is allowed to leave; he will be arraigned later and a sentence of at least ten years is likely.

Subjected to physical beatings, psychological torture, and inhumane conditions during past imprisonment, he is now certain that he will die in captivity. In recent years many people associated with the Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania and other "illegal publications" and protest movements have died under mysterious circumstances. Sakalys believes that a close friend was, in effect, killed by the KGB when he was forced to undergo an operation that no responsible doctor would have allowed, given the patient's weakened condition.

By signing the petition Sakalys knew that he had forfeited the happiness of the past year and a half. During that time he had married a young Lithuanian woman, Genovaite, who had been born in Siberia—her parents, like thousands of other Lithuanians had been deported there during World War II. She had a six-year-old daughter, Indra, from a previous marriage and they had a nine-month-old son, Narimantas. Sakalys

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loved his wife, adored his children, and took pleasure in his work, but he could not remain silent in the face of the injustice which had befallen his country.

All day Saturday Sakalys ponders his next move. At best, it is only a matter of weeks before the arraignment. He decides to go into hiding. He will have perhaps a month or two before he is caught. During that period at least he can continue working for the underground.

As they approach St. Ann's Church, Sakalys tells his wife that they must say goodbye at the steps of the church; he does not wish her to see him arrested. The agents following them are perplexed when Sakalys leaves his family and proceeds to walk toward them. Making certain that his wife and son have left the square, he then turns around and heads back toward the church, walking slowly until, reaching the corner of the building, he begins to run. He hopes to lose his pursuers in the maze of narrow streets and alleys which crisscross old-town Vilnius. He succeeds.

For the next several weeks the underground hides him. For a while he is able to get some work done. Then he learns that signators to the Baltic Declaration are being arrested; a wanted poster carrying his photograph is being circulated throughout the country. Unable to stay in one place long enough to work, and not wanting to jeopardize the safety of his collaborators, he decides to flee—"to the West."

A pastime of prisoners in Soviet camps is discussing how one can escape from the USSR. On several occasions Sakalys had talked with inmates who were former border guards, and with a soldier who once crossed the Soviet frontier into Iran. A host of pertinent questions had arisen: How far is the nearest border? How does one get there without being detected? Is it close to population centers or remote from human settlements? What are the climate and terrain like? How are dogs thrown off one's tracks? The knowledge gleaned from these "Gulag seminars" will help Sakalys in his escape. He hits upon a bold plan. He will travel by train to northern Russia, walk across the sparsely populated Karelia region through the cover of the forest, enter Finland, and proceed to Sweden. The prospect that he will succeed is slim, but he has no other choice. To guide him in his 1,200-mile odyssey, all he will have is a small map, which he tore from an old atlas, and a compass. To attempt the near-impossible flight from the USSR is probable death, but that fate is preferable to the one that awaits him in the Gulag.

ON JUNE 26 Sakalys boards a night train and travels four hundred miles north to Leningrad. To avoid conversations which might reveal his identity, he pretends to be drunk, sleeping most of the time in the luggage rack. He gets off at Leningrad and purchases food, a knapsack, and mothballs. That evening he boards a train for Petrozavodsk, feigning drunkeness once again. The ploy works. He gets off at the city of Idel and enters the forest. He has now embarked on the most treacherous part of his journey: as a fugitive fleeing toward Finland, he can be shot dead on sight.

As he travels through the forest, however, his anxiety subsides. With the exception of several sap-gatherers, the only life he observes are reindeer, wood grouse, and the flora of Karelia. On the fourth of July he is approaching a knoll when he hears a strange sound. He stops, crawls up the hill and, reaching the top, cautiously peers over it. Three young border guards are skipping stones across a lake. They have a dog with them but it too is preoccupied with the game. Fortunately the wind is blowing away from Sakalys.

"It was a bit of luck," he says later, because the incident realerted him never to forget he was a hunted man in grave danger. The closer he got to the border, the more wary he would have to be. Anywhere within sixty-two miles of the frontier is a closed zone. To enter it, one must have a special passport.

The days go by and his journey is uneventful, but his sneakers are beginning to unravel and his clothes are now full of holes and tears. Sakalys concludes that he is about seven miles from the frontier. A surge of energy flashes through his body. He feels good, the sky is clear, and the sun is bright—and then he almost walks into a trip-wire. When he regains his composure, he presses on and a few miles further confronts another obstacle, a nine-foot-high electrified fence. He retreats back into the underbrush and considers his next move. How does he scale the fence without being electrocuted? Looking about him, he finds a large tree limb, carries it to the fence, and presses it into the ground. Clinging to it with his arms, he plants his feet against the wooden fence post, carefully placing them between the wires. It is a tricky and strenuous maneuver. Reaching the top of the tee, he pulls up the limb and tosses it as far as he can away from the fence. Then he jumps to the ground, landing in soil freshly plowed to detect footprints. He fills the hole left by the limb and walks slowly backwards smoothing the soil and breaking several mothballs over the ground to throw the dogs off his scent. He cannot dust his tracks too liberally with the flakes lest the guards see or, in the clear Arctic air, smell them.

To have crossed this barrier is elating. He recalls the words of a prison guard who once told him, "You can't fly to the moon, you can't escape to the West, you'll always be with us." Sakalys muses, "If I make it, I'll send that bastard a postcard."

Sakalys continues his trek and then, ahead of him, sees a lake. It turns out to be a large one—he cannot see the opposite shore. He consults his map; the lake shouldn't be there.

Sakalys remembers that border areas on Soviet maps are distorted to confuse fugitives from "socialist justice" and enemies of the USSR. One thing is clear: he must backtrack. After taking several probing hikes looking for solid ground leading west, he realizes that he is on a peninsula. This means he must walk back toward the fence and then proceed north; maybe he can find a land route to Finland or, at the very least, a lake he can traverse without fear of drowning.

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As Sakalys moves north, however, he sees a clearing ahead. He is crestfallen, confused, frightened. Blocking his way is a border garrison. He counts four buildings; two of them are large barracks—housing fifty men apiece he reckons—and the others look like a warehouse and a garage. He is trapped. To his right is the fence, to his left an impassable body of water, and dead ahead a hundred border guards.

Retreating back into the cover of the forest, Sakalys ponders his next move. He cannot climb back over the fence and look for another route because this time he will be unable to cover his tracks. Contemplating his options he asks himself two questions. Who would be looking for a fugitive in this remote area of Karelia? Even more unlikely, who would think it possible that one would walk right through a border garrison during the season of eternal light? He decides to walk directly through the camp at about 5:00 A.M. when, he reasons, the inhabitants will be sleeping most soundly.

As the hour approaches, his stomach knots and he begins to sweat. Surveying the camp, he observes no one stirring about. Mustering up his courage, he starts walking. Now he is in the garrison yard, still no one in sight. He walks steadily, controlling his desire to run, keeping close to the warehouse and the garage. What if someone sees him? If they are some distance, they might assume he belongs there. If they observe him up close, he is finished. At last, he is across the garrison yard, no alarms, no dogs barking—he's made it! He swims across a small stream and proceeds north for a while, then turns west, chilled by the water but warmed by the thought that he might actually reach freedom.

The next several days are tough ones. A steady rain falls, he cannot stop and light a fire, he is cold, tired, and the insects and brambles are tearing his skin and clothing. After walking several hours, he is confronted with a lake, a large one, but he can see the other side. He must swim about eight hundred yards. Tying his possessions in his clothes and strapping the bundle on top of his head with his belt, he swims to the shore. He is overjoyed as he continues walking.

An hour later his mood changes when he realizes that he is on an island. He must enter the water again and swim about four hundred yards to another island. From there he sees the shore line, the distance is not far—but he can see a watch tower on the mainland. That's bad because he must avoid more guards with their dogs. It's also good because it means he is close to the Finnish border.

He is about to slip into the water when he spots a patrol boat;

THE CASE OF VYTAUTAS SKUODIS, U.S. CITIZEN

ON AUGUST 18, 1981 there was a procession in Chicago calling public attention to the plight of Benedict Scott (Vytautas Skuodis) who had been arrested for "anti-Soviet activities" by the KGB. Scott was born in the Windy City April 21, 1929, but a year later returned with his parents to Lithuania, which was then an independent country. He never renounced his citizenship; but, in spite of inquiries on his behalf by the State Department and several members of Congress, the Soviets have not allowed U.S officials to consult with him as is customary when an American is arrested in a foreign country.

In contrast to Sakalys, Scott did not get involved in protest activities until he reached middle age. In 1953 he graduated from the University of Vilnius with a degree in engineering and for sixteen years worked on hydroelectrical and geological projects in Lithuania, Latvia, and Siberia. Because of his accomplishments, he was mentioned in a Soviet encyclopedia and in 1969 was offered a post at his old school. Sometime during the next ten years he reaffirmed his Catholic faith and began writing a book protesting religious persecution in Lithuania. On November 24, 1979, KGB agents searched his home and confiscated a three-hundred-page manuscript, *Spiritual Genocide in Lithuania*, along with notes, two typewriters, a tape recorder, and *samizdat* publications.

Not to be intimidated, he offered his services to the Catholic Committee for the Defense of the Rights of Believers and wrote President Carter stating that he would "always remain faithful to the principles of the Defense of Human Rights" and defend "the honor of the land of my birth, the U.S.A. and the land of my forebears, Lithuania." On November 29, 1979, he joined the Lithuanian Helsinki Watch Group. He was dismissed from the University of Vilnius on December 31, 1979 for "amoral conduct" and, through information provided by Andrei Sakharov, it was learned that he was arrested January 9, 1980. He was denied legal counsel at his trial, but was sentenced in December 1980 to seven years of hard labor and five years of internal exile.

The August 18 procession in Chicago — three thousand strong — proceeded from the home of his birth to the church where he was baptized, Our Lady of Vilnius. Spokesmen for the marchers asserted that there is no justification under the Soviet Constitution for his arrest, and the USSR has violated international law by not allowing U.S. representatives to confer with him and provide legal counsel. Senator Charles Percy, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has sponsored a Senate resolution, No. 198, urging the State Department to exert pressure on Scott's behalf with Soviet authorities.

Scott's plight is noteworthy because the U.S. government's treatment of his case may provide some indication as to how well the Reagan administration's policy of "quiet diplomacy" will work in contending with human rights violations.

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he lets it pass and swims to the other side. Just as he is struggling onto the shore it passes again. This time it is close enough for him to see that it is a Soviet patrol boat. After hastily dressing, he continues walking, then spots a barbed wire fence which he crawls under. Later he has to crawl under another fence, but this time he hears dogs barking—they are on his trail! He starts running. His luck has run out. But ahead he sees a clearing—on the other side is Finland. If he can make it, he will be free. As he breaks out of the woods he stops; as far as he can see to his right and left is fifty yards of cleared land. The sound of the barking dogs grows louder and, pulling his olive green sweatshirt as far down as possible over his blue pants, he crawls across the "no man's land." He enters the forest and is terrified when he hears a whistle close by. The guards have spotted him! When the whistling stops, he begins to move, but it starts again. This time he runs and comes face to face with the whistler—a large black bird.

He continues moving west. The dogs have stopped barking. He knows he is in Finland when he comes upon a neatly stacked woodpile. Nothing, he thinks, is ever so neat in the Soviet Union. Then he finds an ice cream wrapper. On it is the word "Helsinki."

UP TO THIS POINT *Sakalys has dwelt upon two things: the sorrow of leaving his wife and two children, and the desire to run from his captors. Now however, he thinks about the opportunity he will have to inform the world about what's uppermost in the minds of the Lithuanian underground: publicizing the contents of the secret protocol to the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact; compelling the West German government to declare it null and void—just as Bonn had renounced the Munich Pact under pressure from Czechoslovakia—underlining the fact that the Baltic States did not voluntarily join the USSR but were subjugated by the Red army; and letting the world know that after forty years of Soviet rule, Lithuanians are still risking their lives to gain independence. Their country, numbering 3.4 million people, is not large in the Soviet scheme of things, but Lithuanian opposition to Russian hegemony underscores the fact that most people living in the USSR are not Russians and the opposition to Russian chauvinism will spread in the 1980s. Sakalys believes the Soviet authorities are manipulating Russian nationalism to compensate for the USSR's economic difficulties. They run the risk, however, of heightening ethnic self-awareness among the non-Russians who, unlike the Russian dissidents, represent a potentially massive source of opposition to the regime. If the "Polish disease" spreads to the Soviet Union, these are the people most likely to be affected by it.*

ALTHOUGH IN FINLAND, Sakalys is still in grave danger. He has not eaten for two days, and without nourishment he cannot complete his journey to Sweden. (Later he says that, had he not endured so much cold, hunger, and exhaustion while in Soviet prison camps, he never would have been tough enough to survive the hardships of his flight.) He is without map or compass, having lost them while swimming, and it is conceivable that he can walk aimlessly in the forest until he dies or is apprehended by the police.

This last prospect is of special concern. Under a Soviet-Finnish agreement, the Finns are obligated to send him back to the USSR.

In spite of the pangs of hunger and the pain which racks his body, Sakalys sleeps a little more soundly in Finland. The next day he sees several villages but is afraid to approach anyone. He continues walking in what he believes is a westward direction but his legs are shaky—he must have food. At the next farmhouse, he decides, he will take a chance and ask for help. He comes upon a small cottage. Who lives there? Suppose the inhabitants decide to turn him in out of political conviction or, more likely, take one look at him and conclude he is a dangerous criminal? He knocks at the door. It is slowly opened by an old man who looks at him sternly. Along with several other foreign languages, Sakalys knows a little Estonian, a language with many words in common with Finnish. Using it, he says, "I'm Lithuanian, I'm not Russian." The man's countenance remains unchanged. Sakalys repeats the words. The old Finn breaks out in a grin. Once again, luck! The farmer gives him a large loaf of bread, some butter, and a map showing him the best way to get to the nearest Swedish border town, Haparanda.

It rains incessantly and even when he finds a haystack to rest in, Sakalys sleeps fitfully because he is wet and cold. Ten days later on July 19, after four days without food, he reaches the Finnish-Swedish border, which is separated by a wide river with ominous rapids. Afterward he is told he could have walked across the underguarded bridge; but suspicious, he decided to swim it even in his weakened condition.

When he reaches the other side, Sakalys is shoeless, his clothes are tattered, his face is grossly swollen due to countless insect bites and brushes with the undergrowth, and he is running a high fever. It is 3:00 A.M. but during the summer in the far north of Sweden people are often out and about, enjoying the perpetual daylight. The first person he encounters is a young boy fishing. He asks the youngster in English, "Sweden or Finland, Sweden or Finland?" The boy finally understands and says, "Sweden." The youngster then turns his back on the bedraggled stranger and continues tinkering with his fishing pole. Sakalys is momentarily confused, then approaches the boy, and mimicking someone making a phone call he mouths the word "police." The boy looks puzzled, then turns and dashes toward his home.

Minutes later Sakalys is surrounded by a dozen Swedes. They take him into a nearby house where the police arrive. "They put me in a hotel. I stayed there a couple of days before I realized—when a drunk was put in a room next to mine—that I was in jail."

After recuperating in Sweden for six weeks, Sakalys was allowed to go to the United States. He lives there today in Brooklyn.

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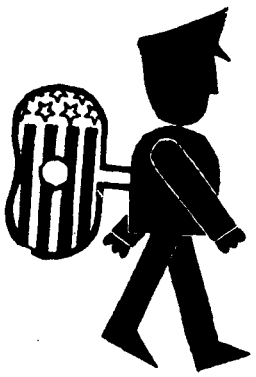
PREPARING NOW TO SUPPORT CONSCIENTIOUS DECISIONS



Get ready, I feel a draft

GORDON C. ZAHN

IT SHOULD by now be apparent that this nation is slipping and sliding its way back to peacetime conscription. Yes, I have heard all those assurances that the registration process reinstituted by Jimmy Carter need not and, we were told, actually would not lead to the return of the draft. I heard them, but I do not believe them. Yes, I heard Ronald Reagan, as a presidential candidate, make much of his opposition to both registration and peacetime conscription. But I do not believe him either. His runaway armaments spending combined with a hardline foreign policy will ultimately require an expanded supply—and, what is even more important, a *cheap* supply—of available military manpower.

Now, as even that paragraph signals, I am among those who believe that the draft, whether as actuality or merely as threat, interferes unjustly with the rights of young citizens and denies the democratic and humanistic principles this nation professes to honor. Moreover, I believe—and have written elsewhere [*America,* August 9, 1980]—that military training, especially when it is involuntary, constitutes what the religiously committed used to describe as "an occasion of sin." By taking young people who have not yet reached their full intellectual and spiritual maturity and exposing them to an intense program of indoctrination and discipline designed to produce patterns of unquestioning obedience to the commands of others, such training can only impede and obstruct the capacity for making clear moral judgments in questions relating to war and peace.

It is not my purpose here, however, to restate the case against the draft. Instead, I want to indicate some of the immediate tasks facing organized religion, and in particular the Catholic church, in view of the very real possibility that conscription will be reestablished. About these matters, it is even possible that some who favor the return of conscription may share my concerns. In any case, it is crucial that we take up these questions while there is still time.

GORDON C. ZAHN, *a long-time peace activist, has served on the governing boards of* Pax Christi, USA, The Catholic Peace Fellowship, Fellowship of Reconciliation, *and* SANE. *His books include* War, Conscience and Dissent, In Solitary Witness: The Life and Death of Franz Jaegerstaetter, German Catholics and Hitler's War *and, most recently,* Another Part of the War: The Camp Simon Story *(University of Massachusetts Press).*

Episcopal (and papal) style being what it usually is, there are a number of ambiguities in the statement on registration and conscription issued by the Administrative Board of the U.S. Catholic Conference in February 1980. There is nothing ambiguous, though, about the position taken in support of "the right of conscientious objection as a valid moral position, derived from the Gospel and Catholic teaching" and the equally direct support for *selective* conscientious objection something not yet recognized under the law. The statement's concluding paragraph is particularly impressive in setting forth a set of action recommendations.

> . . . The issues of registration and conscription raise questions of the kind and quality of moral education that takes place in our educational system. Specifically, it raises the question of what educational and counseling resources are available to a person facing registration or conscription. . . . We call upon schools and religious educators to include systematic formation of conscience on questions of war and peace in their curricula and we pledge the assistance of appropriate diocesan agencies in counseling any of those who face questions of military service.

THE PROBLEM, of course, is that few Catholics—especially those most liable to be directly affected by a return to the draft—are even aware that such a statement has been issued. These laudable principles must be translated into effective action on the diocesan and parish levels. If, despite the opposition of the church to conscription except in the case of national emergency, the draft is reintroduced, the time will have arrived to make good on the "pledges" made for it by the Administrative Board. Actually, some should be in effect right now. Every parish, school, and seminary ought to provide courses dealing with the issues of war, peace, and nonviolence—courses that do not allow the earliest and *pacifist* centuries of the church's history to be overshadowed by the "just war" teachings or, worse, by the celebration of the more "militant" virtues of later periods. An adequate formation of conscience should acquaint young people with the full range of options open to them before the orders arrive forcing them to take their stand one way or the other.

I suspect that, given the emotional pressures and social controls to which we are all subject, most will still be inclined to accept military service when called. It is important, though,

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that so crucial a decision be the product of conscious moral deliberation and not a passive and unquestioning acceptance of an imposed "duty." By the same token, even the prospective soldier must be prepared and instructed in the limits of "conscientious participation" before he is turned over to the likes of the commanding officer of a training camp whom I saw interviewed on TV. Behind his desk was a poster declaring, "No war was ever won by compassion or conscience. KILL!"

Even so, it is virtually certain that the kind of systematic formation of conscience contemplated by the bishops will produce a great increase in the number of men (and, of course, women) who choose the path of conscientious objection. This will present the church with a set of responsibilities which, until now, it has never had to meet nor even recognize. Every diocese should already be prepared to provide competent, well-trained draft-counseling services for those faced now with the decision to register or not and to advise others of their rights and responsibilities. It is gratifying to note that a number of dioceses are trying to provide such help, though few are equipped to meet the full need. Several, including the archdioceses of Boston and New York, have established registries of prospective conscientious objectors, accepting statements of intent to serve as evidence of sincerity if needed in the future. Unfortunately this service is not always publicly announced, with the result that the young people involved, and the diocesan clergy as well, are not aware of its availability. Too many dioceses have done nothing at all—some because the bishop remains unconvinced of the need or propriety; some because they are unwilling to risk the criticism such a service might provoke.

THERE ARE agencies available to help meet the need (the newly formed Pax Christi USA Center on Conscience and War, Box 726, 5 Bigelow St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139 is one example), but it is vital that whatever is done be recognizably "official" in nature. And counseling, important as it will be, is but a first step. The church must be prepared to provide moral and spiritual support for those who claim and receive classification as conscientious objectors.

Past personal experience lends emphasis to this point. In my book dealing with the only camp for Catholic objectors to World War II (*Another Part of the War: The Camp Simon Story*, University of Massachusetts Press), I describe how its members—of which, incidentally, I was one—felt "orphaned" by their church, their witness "unwanted and unheard." Objectors to the unpopular war in Vietnam may have found more support for their stand than did we, but they, too, were often rejected and even scorned by parents, fellow parishioners, and pastors. This should not be permitted to happen again. The church cannot teach that one is bound to obey the commands of conscience and deny those who are led into an unpopular stand the same measure of honor and respect given to others who do the nation's will.

Nor is this all. Another more tangible contribution the church must be prepared to make is to provide opportunities for conscientious objectors to perform alternate service in its many social service agencies at home and abroad. If we assume, as we must, that there will be many more Catholics seeking such opportunities, it will be to their benefit (not to mention that of the agencies involved) that a preliminary survey be made well in advance of the anticipated need. Certain cautions must be kept in mind, however. Alternate service opportunities must be clearly divorced from all military connotations, and the objectors to be assigned to such service must be clearly supplemental and not in any sense in competition with the normal labor supply. Most critical, perhaps, every effort must be made to avoid assuming any responsibility, direct or indirect, for administering the conscription program. Many of the failings of the Civilian Public Service Program of World War II arose from the fact that the religious agencies involved in its support became channels for Selective Service authority and, more tragic still, a "cushion" absorbing the legitimate complaints and protests of the men in the program.

The admittedly harsh, but no less valid, conclusion advanced in my book is that this Civilian Public Service Program degenerated into nothing more than an experiment in the "democratic" suppression of a dissident minority in time of war. Unfortunately, the current contingency planning for a future draft would repeat most of the injustices of that program and add a few more. The Catholic church can perform a signal service right now by insisting upon certain minimal protections for individuals assigned to alternate service. If such service is really a recognition of the equal rights of the conscientious objector and the military recruit, Selective Service should have no further authority over the former once he is formally inducted. After all, once the recruit enters the military, the draft authorities have no power to determine where he is to be assigned, what duties he is to perform, how he is to be disciplined. The same situation should apply for a truly alternate service under the conscription law.

THERE remains the problem of those who are denied recognition as conscientious objectors because the law does not allow for individuals who would distinguish between wars they would be ready to support and the particular war to which they object. Despite the repeated appeals by the American hierarchy that the law be amended to permit such "selective" conscientious objection, the requirement remains that the prospective CO be opposed to *all* war. Clearly this is a form of discrimination suffered by Catholics and members of other religious bodies which maintain a distinction between "just" and "unjust" wars in their teachings. Then, too, there are more absolutist objectors who will refuse to register for a draft on the grounds that such action would violate their consciences by imposing even that degree of compromise and collaboration with the military system upon them.

To meet their needs a more radical proposal is offered. The Catholic church might well take the lead in reaffirming and guaranteeing the once-recognized "right of asylum" and prepare itself now to provide sanctuary to those opponents of war who are denied, or who reject, conscientious objector status.

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As M.M. Sheehan notes in the *New Catholic Encyclopedia*, "In medieval Europe asylum attached to a sacred place . . . assumed an important place in the peace movement of the 11th Century, protecting not only those accused of crime, but also peasants, merchants, and others threatened by the violence of the time." Admittedly, some adjustments would have to be made both in concept and application. Nevertheless it should not be too far-fetched, considering the violence of *our* time and the involuntary involvement of total populations in modern war, to give serious thought to a return to that ancient practice.

Some, I suspect, will regard all this as premature, maybe even a bit excessive. They may be right, but I would still stress the need for a greater sense of urgency and a much more intense commitment than is evident today in religious circles. To hold back until the developing changes in the world situation have made it difficult, if not impossible, to do what must be done is to make certain a repetition of the failures of the past. The draft is not yet here, but it is on the way. For those concerned about the rights of conscience, even if they see these as compatible with some system of conscription, the time to make sure that those rights can be recognized and protected is now—before Selective Service is again in full operation and has regained its power over the lives of young people. And because Christians may yet be called upon to open their hearts, homes, and churches to those forced to flee the demands of a forbidden war, we should prepare now to provide the sanctuary they will need.

Screen

JACK'S LAST TAPE

HAS SUCCESS SPOILED BRIAN DE PALMA?

BLOW OUT is a thriller with lots of style, a film that shows Brian De Palma to be a master of the genre. Alfred Hitchcock couldn't have done better. Written by De Palma as well as directed by him, the film is about a movie sound man named Jack (John Travolta) who works for an independent producer in Philadelphia making sex-ploitation flicks. When Jack is out in a park one night recording wild sound to get some effects he needs, he picks up the sounds of a car blowing a tire and crashing into the river. Diving in himself, Jack rescues a woman from the submerged car in which, it turns out, a well-known politician has died. Although Jack at first goes along with a hush-up about the woman, Sally (Nancy Allen), he has second thoughts afterwards. Something he can hear on his tape convinces him the crash was no accident, and he talks Sally into helping him find out what really happened. This effort plunges him into a world as murky and full of surprises as the water from which he pulled Sally — a world where prostitution, blackmail, cover-ups, assassination, and murder are all part of a conspiracy with national implications.

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The expressionism with which De Palma has made *Blow Out* reflects the paranoia and intrigue of the world it depicts. The camera peers up at characters behind the windows of their rooms, and down at them from the ceiling. Focus shifts from near foreground to far background in a single shot. The screen is split between two characters talking on the phone, or contains two unrelated actions in one frame, as when Jack talks to his boss while two women in a sound booth, in an attempt to dub a scream, take turns pulling each other's hair.

Blow Out has been made as if it itself were a kind of conspiracy. The movie's plot is also a plot in the other sense of a secret master plan, a strategy for manipulating events. No scene is quite what it appears to be. Each occurs not simply as an episode in the characters' lives, but as part of a concealed design. Thus there is a connection we do not at first suspect between the scene in which Jack rescues Sally and the one where he interrupts the screamers at the dubbing session. The sound booth, like the car underwater, isolates Jack from an hysterical woman, and the fakery going on in the later scene is a comment on the real drama Jack became caught up in earlier. The coincidence between these scenes and others where characters see each other through glass is not really coincidental. Nothing is in this film. Everything fits into an overall pattern of images. Every shot has its covert meaning, its ulterior motive.

All this stylization enhances the film. It suits the world De Palma is creating. And in the end *Blow Out* remains true to our national theory of conspiracies, which is that they run away with themselves. In the film, as in reports by federal commissions, events take on a life of their own that no one can control, and in which everyone involved, whether innocent or guilty, is eventually trapped as if by fate. The truth that slowly emerges from the craziness in De Palma's movie is that history, in Jack's case, is doomed to repeat itself. Jack used to be a conspirator too, wiring police undercover agents so they could record meetings with Mafiosi; and we have seen in a flashback how a remote pick-up of his once shorted out, with the result that the cop was discovered and hanged from a stall in a men's room before Jack could get to him.

To make up for that tragedy is, Jack reveals to Sally, motive for undertaking his own investigation of the car crash. But De Palma's imagery is soon full of omens that the tragedy is going to happen all over again. The image of the hanged man recurs when Jack crashes his car through a plate-glass window in which a waxworks scene depicts the execution of a Revolutionary-War traitor, and when an assassin named Burke (John Lethgow), whom Jack is pursuing, kills a prostitute in a public restroom by reaching over a stall divider to garrote her. In the end, having tried to catch Burke by wiring Sally the same way he did the cop before, Jack gets on a tape that replays endlessly in his head the scream his boss has been trying to dub for his new feature.

De Palma seems to be completely in control in this movie, an *auteur* filmmaker at the height of his powers. Yet I wonder whether he doesn't see himself less as the mastermind behind this film than as a man who's trapped by history just like Jack. To see Jack as some kind of surrogate for De Palma is almost

unavoidable. In the first place, there are similarities between them. Jack is starting out, as De Palma did, working on low-budget indies, and Nancy Allen, who plays opposite Travolta, is actually De Palma's wife. Perhaps more conclusive, though, is what might be called the internal evidence. Successful filmmakers invariably repeat themselves. De Palma does so here not only in a general way by following up *Carrie* and *Dressed to Kill* with yet another thriller about a maniac, but recycling specific moments out of earlier films—the split-screen phone conversation, for instance—in order to stylize the action of the new movie. Maybe the tragic playback we see in Jack's life is what it really feels like to De Palma to repeat past triumphs.

The strongest indication that *Blow Out* is actually about De Palma himself lies in the way he has made the imagery, rather than straight storytelling, the basis of the film. Images dictate plot here, not the other way round. Each shot is thought up as a way to elaborate symbolic themes like that of voyeurism through glass. To approach filmmaking in this way is to deal with it not as a form of narrative, like the novel, but as poetry—lyric poetry in which the voices heard and emotions expressed are always the poet's own.

It seems to me that De Palma is finally as tangled up in film history as Jack is in the recent history of politics. Jack's adventures are made from incidents in Dallas, in Chappaquiddick, and at Watergate. His political conscience is another facet of his personality that makes him like De Palma, whose first films, *Greetings* and *Hi Mom!*, were highly politicized journals of the sixties. But since *Sisters*, in which he turned to thrillers with a gothic twist, De Palma has been more absorbed in the history of the movies. If *Blow Out* alludes to the politics of the last twenty years, it also alludes to the filmmaking of the same period—to the work of Hitchcock, especially from *Psycho* on, and to Michelangelo Antonioni, whose films became known in this country around the time *Psycho* was released. (The title *Blow Out* is a play on Antonioni's *Blow Up*, in which a photographer discovers a murder in the background of one of his own enlargements.)

Hitchcock and Antonioni are appropriate poles for De Palma's movie to revolve around, for both of them are film poets, inventors of imagery, like De Palma himself. Yet De Palma can't be loyal to both these mentors at once, and I think this is a source of the dilemma that makes him feel as helpless as Jack.

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Hitchcock and Antonioni have used the imagery they created in entirely opposite ways. Hitchcock was an entertainer. He used imagery as a kind of subliminal advertising for the chills and thrills he was selling to the audience. Antonioni is an epistemologist. Imagery is for him a form of thought, an exercise in metaphysics, a way to speculate about the nature of reality. Where Hitchcock's images are there to captivate the audience, to increase the pleasure of his film, and make the audience surrender to it wholly, Antonioni cares nothing for such appeal. On the contrary, he is ready to bore or alienate moviegoers in the pursuit of his symbolic ideas. I suspect that having achieved commercial success like Hitchcock, De Palma now yearns to be someone more profound like Antonioni.

Blow Out begins in a screening room as Jack watches a rough cut of his boss's latest film. From what we can see, it could be a De Palma film, or rather, a self-parody of one. It's possible that the success of *Carrie* and *Dressed to Kill* has left De Palma feeling rather the way Hitchcock did after *Psycho*—as if he's started something that he'd just as soon not be associated with. Like *Psycho*, De Palma's films have been a Pandora's box opening the way to all sorts of imitations that feature only the gore, not the artistry. I've always felt that Hitchcock made *Frenzy* as a kind of antidote to *Psycho*, to remind his more literal-minded disciples that violence doesn't have to be quite so explicit. I wouldn't be surprised if De Palma's successes weigh heavily on him these days, too. He's able to do this kind of movie so well now that he can see it's not all there is to filmmaking. In spite of his mastery, he longs for something further, which Antonioni vaguely represents to him. The question is whether he is capable of transforming himself thus, or will now be doomed to repeat past successes the way Jack repeats his failures.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Recordings

THE HORN OF PUNTO

FROM SERF TO VIRTUOSO SOLOIST

GIOVANNI PUNTO. It was the name, though not the given one, of the greatest horn player of his time, Jan Václav (or Johann Wenzel) Stich (1748-1803). The tale of Stich's transformation to Punto serves as the focal point of a remarkably colorful life, a life which, apart from its innate fascination, dramatically delineates the changing relationship of the musician to society in the late eighteenth century. Here then is Punto's story.

He was born in Tetshen, Bohemia, into a family of serfs under service to Count Joseph Johann von Thun. At an early age Stich learned the principles of music and, while still a child, received instruction on the violin and horn. Soon he was playing in the count's orchestra. A genuine connoisseur of music, Count von Thun recognized a good thing when he heard it. He therefore made sure that his prodigy, barely a teenager, learned from the best horn players in the world. And so around 1760 Stich went first to Prague to study with Joseph Matiegka, then to Johann Schindelarz at Munich, and finally to Dresden, where he perfected his high register with Karl Haudek (himself a pupil of Schindelarz) and learned hand-stopping under the major developer and very possibly the actual inventor of that technique, Anton Joseph Hampel. Hand-stopping allowed the horn player, up to then dependent solely on the notes obtainable through the harmonic series, to produce tones outside this series and thereby achieve a complete chromatic scale through the first three octaves of his range. There was a secondary advantage as well: placing the hand in the bell damped the upper overtones, thus imparting that veiled, dark quality so cherished today.

By the time Stich returned home in 1763 he was a finished artist. But he was also a proud, volatile youth well aware of his talent and, after having enjoyed several years of freedom, not enthused by a prospective life of servitude. In 1766, at the age of twenty, Stich decided he had had enough; and together with four other similarly dissatisfied Thun orchestra musicians, he planned to defect across the Bohemian border into Germany, part of the Holy Roman Empire. When Thun learned of the plot, he became understandably furious, and ordered his soldiers to pursue the upstart musicians, taking pains to capture Stich alive—or, at the very least, to knock out his front teeth so that he would never be able to play again.

Fortunately for the history of the horn, Stich and his companions escaped. For his own protection, Stich immediately Italianized his name to Giovanni Punto. By 1768 he had found employment as principal horn in the court band of the Prince of Hechingen. A year later he moved to Mainz for a similar post with the Electoral Court Orchestra. He lasted only about a year there, resigning in a huff when the Elector refused to appoint him concertmaster. Punto wanted the security and prestige of a concertmaster, fancying himself as good a violinist as he was a hornist. Others had a different opinion.

Unable to find a position to suit him and not the sort to remain too long in any one place anyway, Punto embarked on the then novel and financially risky career of an itinerant soloist, touring Germany, Hungary, Italy, Spain, England, and France. Wherever he went, he received extravagant praise. When he revisited England in 1777, his reputation had grown so great that the horn players of King George III's private band were placed under his tutelage. Even the normally acerbic Mozart, after hearing him play in Paris in 1778, exclaimed in a letter: "Punto bläst magnifique!" Mozart set to work on a *Sinfonia concertante* for winds (believed to be that now known as K. 297b), conceiving the challenging horn part for Punto's extraordinary skill.

In 1781, evidently wearied of constant traveling, Punto entered the service of the Prince Archbishop of Würzburg. He did not remain there long. The following year Punto left for Paris, then the European center of instrumental music. Here he

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finally achieved his ambition of concertmaster, and moreover one with an assurance of a life pension and frequent leave to travel, for Count d'Artois, later to become Charles X. Punto took his first leave around 1784, touring the Rhineland; in 1787 he made further excursions, to Germany and England. Again his playing elicited reactions of amazement. That of Daniel Schubart (1784), a well-known German poet and musician, was typical: "unquestionably the world's best Waldhornist. He . . . has studied the range of the horn as no other . . . An adagio blown by him . . . is the ultimate of the art. Even difficulties he solves with indescribable ease. . . . With unsuspected generosity, he pours the gold of his tones out of the bell of his magical horn, and the gold, now in the forms of coins, flows back into the pockets of the consummate artist." As the remark indicates, Punto was by now a man of some means.

Upon his return to Paris in 1789 Punto discovered he had no job, for the French Revolution had forced his patron to flee the country. Punto nonetheless remained in Paris, now as Citoyen Punto. In 1795 he was appointed violinist/conductor of the Théâtre des Variétés Amusantes. Like nearly every post Punto held, this one was short-lived. But it is perhaps just as well that Punto's conducting career was so brief. According to the celebrated lexicographer and musician Ernst Gerber, when Punto directed and played violin in Vienna in 1800 "they wished, for the sake of his honor, that he had not."

Punto's horn-playing was another matter. At that same Vienna concert his proficiency on the brass instrument, according to the prestigious *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, "rightly astonished everyone." Among the works played at that concert was Beethoven's Horn Sonata, written in great haste earlier that year as a vehicle for Punto and the pianist/composer. This sonata proved so successful, that again according to *AMZ*, "despite the new Theatre Ordinance, which forbids loud applause and encores, the two virtuosi were compelled by loud clapping to start the piece from the beginning and play it through again." Beethoven, incidentally, was then at the height of his performing career. Even so, he had achieved nothing approaching the renown of Punto. When the pair played Beethoven's sonata in Pest the music critic queried: "Who is this Beethover [sic]? His name is not known in musical circles. Of course Punto is very well known."

Now the most famous horn player in the world, in 1801 Punto returned to his homeland after an absence of thirty-three years. His first concert in Prague produced ecstatic acclaim. When Punto died two years later, he was a national hero. Eulogized in the newspapers, he was accorded a magnificent funeral Mass before more than four thousand people at the Church of St. Nicolas in Prague, and his grave was adorned with a monument.

According to the horn authority Horace Fitzpatrick, whose admirable study *The Horn & Horn Playing and the Austro-Bohemian Tradition from 1680 to 1830* (Oxford, 1970) provides fascinating accounts of these figures and their accomplishments, Punto "was without question the finest player of the eighteenth-century Austrian school . . . the first horn soloist in the modern sense capable of absolute fluency in all registers of the instrument's compass." Joseph Fröhlich, who knew Punto and was evidently himself a horn player, summarized Punto's accomplishment as well as any of his contemporaries: "Punto was remarkable for the purity of his interpretation and the delicacy of his taste no less than for his dynamic control, variety of tone-color, and amazing articulation. He could produce two notes simultaneously, and even full chords [achieved by blowing one note and humming another, thus obtaining two additional notes, one below and one above the generators], and his tone generally had a quality of silvery brightness that was foreign to any of his predecessors."

While we are, alas, today unable to hear Punto's artistry for ourselves, a glimpse of his talent may be gleaned from attentive listening to the horn music Mozart wrote for him in his *Sinfonia concertante* and Beethoven in his Horn Sonata: music requiring devilish arpeggios, rapid scales, and, in the Beethoven work, consummate control of hand stopping. Punto was himself a composer. Most of his music—some of it freely adapted from other sources—was, not surprisingly, written for his own use. This output includes an attractive Quartet in F for horn and strings, Opus 2, No. 1, which has received a number of recordings, and some fourteen concertos, of which only six survive complete. Four of these (Nos. 5, 6, 10, and 11, all written in the period 1795-1801) have recently been recorded by Barry Tuckwell with the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields conducted by Neville Marriner (Angel SZ-37781). Though no sane person would rank Punto's music alongside that of Mozart and Beethoven, the music is effervescent, tuneful, utterly charming. In the slow movements the soloist is given lovely lyric phrases to display his beauty of tone; the fast movements are full of an engagingly quirky wit, and of course present ample opportunities for virtuosic display. Indeed, as Tuckwell observes in his informative liner notes, "the technical demands on the soloist are far greater than in the concertos of Mozart" [written for another outstanding hornist, Ignaz Leutgeb]. The most distinctive movement included on this new disc is the finale of No. 11, a minuet with four variations, each of increasing difficulty. For the most part, Punto's music is formally straightforward and brilliantly idiomatic, music which revels in its sheer technical audacity.

The performances are highly accomplished. Few present-day horn players could cope with Punto's demands with the aplomb and sensitivity of Tuckwell, and few ensembles could supply an accompaniment with the spirit and refinement of the Academy under Marriner. These virtues are enhanced by outstandingly vivid sound from EMI/Angel. Some day it would be nice to hear these concertos played on a natural (i.e. valveless) horn, where one could get a truer picture of the music's actual difficulty (and Punto's own executant skill), and—more importantly—hear the crucial timbral differences between open and stopped notes (an out-of-print Telefunken recording of Beethoven's Horn Sonata with Hermann Baumann is revelatory in this regard). For now, we have a stunning reminder of a pathblazing virtuoso from a bygone age.

DERRICK HENRY

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Books: HANDCUFFED TO HISTORY

MIDNIGHT'S CHILDREN

Salman Rushdie

Knopf, $13.95, 446 pp.

Una Chaudhuri

ALL PASSAGES to India, literary or otherwise, before Forster or since, have tended to be, as in Whitman's original, passages "to more than India." The symbolization of India, that inevitable overtaking of India-as-subject by India-as-metaphor, is as much a native as a foreign tendency, and it is precisely this tendency, viewed now as a people's collective psychological burden, that Salman Rushdie takes as the premise for his brilliant new novel, *Midnight's Children*. "To understand just one life," says the book's writer-hero, "you have to swallow the world."

The self as world is both the method and the matter of *Midnight's Children*, which reads like a fantastical gloss on Forster's passionate dictum "Only connect!" It is also the means whereby Rushdie recasts the old Forsterian themes of union and separation into a new psychological mold, producing in place of the Englishman's poetic contemplation of the eternal contest between the Many and the One, a nightmarishly real experience of the agony of fragmentation and the struggle for unity. "I must work fast, faster than Scheherazade, to end up meaning—yes, meaning—something. I admit it: above all, I fear absurdity."

The hero's feverish flight from absurdity is neither religious nor political but—and this is the mark of Rushdie's modernity—*literary*. Meaning is, finally, something you create; union is, in 1980, the unity of art. Only by transferring himself whole onto paper can the fragmentary hero (he is literally "cracking up"—huge fissures are beginning to appear in his skin) achieve salvation and sanity. But—and this is the paradox of the self-as-world—the coherence he creates is a structure of fragments; in swallowing the world he must also digest its chaos, its discontinuity, its bits-and-pieces. And so his text, like his life, is haunted by the digression, the non sequitur, the unsought symbol.

Saleem Sinai is India, but not just symbolically. India's dualistic curse has fallen upon him with a vengeance, for he is born at the exact moment of India's independence, midnight, August 15, 1947. Since then, he has been "handcuffed to history," in a way for which even the letter he receives from the Prime Minister cannot, for all its ominous dualism, prepare him: "Dear Baby Saleem, My belated congratulations on the happy accident of your moment of birth. You are the newest bearer of that ancient face of India which is also eternally young. We shall be watching over your life with the closest attention; it will be, in a sense, the mirror of our own."

And so—agonizingly, improbably, hilariously—it is. Through the collected trauma of Partition, the national euphoria of Independence, the buoyant optimism of the first Five Year Plan, the humiliating defeat in the Sino-Indian war, the bragging victory of Bangladesh, the shameless oppression of the Emergency, through all these and many minor scandals and sensations of Indian life, Saleem fights vainly for his own independence (or identity) only to find himself each time inexorably drawn into the center of things. Now, thirty years after the midnight of "Mountbatten's tick-tock," as the myth of a new India ("a collective fiction in which anything was possible") founders in tyranny and intrigue, Saleem struggles with the bits-and-pieces of his own life, seeking to reverse his awful connection to his country, to bestow meaning on the confusion of India by making sense of himself. Once, he was among the many young men forcibly sterilized by "The Widow's" fascist Family Planners; now he dreads an even worse fate: "Sperectomy: the draining out of hope."

Fragmentation—personal, social, historical, ideological—is Saleem's (and India's) bane. "Our ancient national gift for fissiparousness" has infected every generation. His grandfather, a doctor, fell in love with his wife-to-be while examining parts of her body through a perforated sheet held modestly before her; his mother, in love with her first, lost husband, contrived to fall in love with her second by dividing him mentally into his component parts, and learning to love a new part each day. Finally, with Saleem, schizogenesis has reached its peak. He is, in fact, not Saleem at all, not the son of a wealthy Muslim family, but a changeling, the illegitimate son of a Hindu streetsinger's wife and a departing British colonist. In him are "united"—perhaps "divided" is more apt—the three cultures that battle for supremacy in the Indian psyche: Hinduism with its passivity and tradition, Islam with its sentimentality and dogmatism, and Christianity with its individualism and dreams of progress. Like his grandfather, who was trapped forever "in that middle place, unable to worship a God in whose existence he could not wholly disbelieve," Saleem exists in a limbo of guilt and fear, awaiting his changeling's revenge.

His changeling is the aptly named Shiva, he of the "murderous knees," growing to criminality in the violent streets of Bombay and lionized as a hero in the ugly war of Bangladesh. Nor are Saleem and Shiva alone in their strangeness. There are a thousand "children of midnight," each one born with a magical gift, each gift hopelessly squandered in the thirty years of India's new life. Saleem's "Midnight's Children's Conference" (the initials MCC stand, to every Indian, for the hated Marlybone Cricket Club), begun with great hopes to discover the "purpose" of the magical children, ends up, like India, fragmented—its members full of distrust, selfishness, apprehension, and despair.

Yet for all its rendition of an entire nation's spiritual collapse, *Midnight's*

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Children is a work of startling vigor, even, in its epic dimensions, of hope. The vast canvas it unfolds is full of people and places that are often as enchanting as they are grotesque. From Saleem's sister, the Brass Monkey, who sets fire to shoes, to Picture Singh (so called because he was once photographed by *Life* magazine), the snake-charmer in whom Saleem finally finds a father, every character exudes a magic that makes the surrounding nightmare bearable, almost (for, as with Forster, the "muddle" and the "mystery" are one and the same) desirable.

Perhaps there is nothing more stunning—or paradoxical—about *Midnight's Children* than the fact that this epic of Indian contradictions and failures becomes, by virtue of its final existence as a coherent work of art, a monument to India's vitality, a sign in itself of India's survival as a culture. Rushdie's novel is more than a great Indian novel; it is a literary event—a novel of international importance.

Sometimes Eliot, sometimes Orwell

THE CAMERA AGE
ESSAYS ON TELEVISION
Michael Arlen
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $13.95, 337 pp.

Pope McCorkle

"THE *New Yorker*," declared Irving Kristol in *Two Cheers for Capitalism* (1978), "has become the liberal-chic organ of the 'new class.' " Like most of his neoconservative opinions about culture and politics, Kristol's assertion amounted to nothing more than a half-truth. Instead of preaching a creeping socialism to the "new" or over-educated class in the late 1960s and early 1970s, the *New Yorker* remained preoccupied with the state of bourgeois life. What Robert Warshow said about the magazine in the 1940s remained basically true throughout the 1970s: "The *New Yorker* at its best provides the intelligent and cultured college graduate with the most comfortable and least compromising attitude he can assume toward capitalist society without being forced into actual conflict."

During the last decade, however, the *New Yorker* did occasionally display a sharp analytical style that exposed the differences between bourgeois ideals and bourgeois reality in a less than gentlemanly fashion. An impressive practitioner of this critical mode was *New Yorker* staff writer Michael Arlen. In *An American Verdict* (1973) Arlen wrote a chilling account of the acquittal of the Illinois State's Attorney and twelve Chicago policemen who participated in a pre-dawn 1969 raid which left Fred Hampton and another Black Panther party member dead. As his title made clear, Arlen chose to see the outcome of the trial as a characteristically American miscarriage of justice. The critical response to Arlen's work suggested that he had stepped perilously close to the limits of respectability: the *Time* reviewer was appalled that "the author's sympathies are pointedly with the Panthers" and the *New Republic* reviewer severely chided him for portraying the case as symbolic of "a pervasive American mood of repression not as a vicious but local scandal."

Perhaps another indication of *An American Verdict*'s impropriety was that it failed to run in the *New Yorker*. The magazine, however, did run Arlen's strongly-worded pieces attacking American foreign policy in southeast Asia and the mass media's coverage of the debacle. In his very first piece on Vietnam (1966) Arlen gave notice that he would not accept any gestures of token dovishness from the networks and blasted an NBC "Vietnam Report" special with Sen. William J.Fulbright:

> It seems to me that Senator Fulbright's views on Vietnam are fairly well known by now, and that NBC . . . was trying to rather too evidently to appear as the Giant Communications Network Not Afraid to Air the Voice of Dissent . . . It all sounded very safe and institutional, and rather like a re-run.

Arlen's Vietnam essays served as the centerpieces of two collections of television criticism from the *New Yorker: The Living Room War* (1969) and *The View from Highway 1* (1976). Although it is blasphemous to suggest in some intellectual circles, most of Arlen's essays compared quite favorably with Dwight Macdonald's work as a critic of mass culture for the *New Yorker* in the 1950s. While Macdonald—a former editor of *Partisan Review* and *Politics*—undoubtedly displayed a superior intellectual breadth, Arlen possessed a more painstaking critical discrimination. As Conor Cruise O'Brien has argued in *Writers and Politics*, by the time Macdonald had become a *New Yorker* critic his once trenchant radical analysis was horribly confused by the highbrow "tendency to run together [critiques of] the masses and those who manipulate them." Arlen, on the other hand, consistently exhibited his ability to make such a crucial distinction. The problem with television, he argued in the introduction to *The View from Highway 1*, "is not that it serves a mass audience but that it serves this audience so badly."

Arlen's superior critical diligence is again on display in many of his recent *New Yorker* essays on television collected in *The Camera Age*. With a modest, disarming style Arlen nicely dissects and analyzes the good, the bad, and the ugly of television programing — the made-for-TV movie *Friendly Fire* ("Surprised in Iowa, Surprised in Nam"), the docu-drama *Roots* ("The Prisoner of the Golden Dream"), the cult of youth on network television ("Baretta's T-Shirt"), the one-dimensional treatment of evil in prime-time melodrama ("On Giving the Devil His Due"), the "artificial realism" of network news and documentaries ("On the Trail of a 'Fine Careless Rapture' "), the ritual of the Oscar ceremonies ("The Big Parade"), and the prime-time serial hit *Dallas* ("Smooth Pebbles at Southfork"). Throughout the essays, Arlen reveals an exemplary sensitivity to visual presentation as well as narrative structure. This aesthetic side to Arlen's criti-

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cism was overshadowed during the Vietnam-War era by the overwhelming political content in his most memorable essays. Nevertheless in light of *The Camera Age* it is tempting to suggest that Arlen has always been just as concerned with scene as with meaning — that he was not simply appalled by the Vietnam War but that he was also intrigued by the view of it from the American living room and Highway 1 in Vietnam.

Despite the evidence of all these virtues in one television critic, a few of the essays in *The Camera Age* do suffer from lapses in critical imagination. In one essay ("What We Do in the Dark") Arlen pursues far too seriously an analogy between watching television and masturbation. In another essay ("The Moon Men") Arlen tries to construct a metaphor for Soviet dissidents, Vietnam veterans, and the mentally disabled as "moon men from the dark side of the moon." Yet a major problem that Arlen's metaphor encounters is that the members of his first group are representatives of the brutal side of human existence while moon men are total strangers to it.

The Camera Age is also dotted with intellectual errors. Three examples show the varying significance of Arlen's mistaken judgments. At one point Arlen remarks that it is a comforting illusion "for the remaining Calvinists in our midst to believe it was technology that brought human incompetence and arrogance to the planet" (p. 58), But the Calvinist doctrine of original sin places the genesis of such phenomena back in the Garden of Eden before the creation of technology. Furthermore, in a spirited attack on what he considers the sloppy and adversarial methods sometimes used by *60 Minutes* ("The Prosecutor"), Arlen argues that such journalism can "drift fairly far from that orderly or reporterly presentation of information that the Founding Fathers probably had in mind when they invoked their crucial safeguards for our press." However, the First Amendment was adopted even though the brand of journalism practiced in the late eighteenth century was quite sloppy and adversarial. Finally, Arlen agnostically remarks in passing that studies by social scientist George Gerbner "suggest that the more television an individual watches, the more he or she is likely to be inclined to violence. . . ." Arlen is probably correct to be skeptical of Professor Gerbner's conclusions; nevertheless, his main thesis is that television violence *pacifies*, not incites, viewers by instilling in them an exaggerated fear about the pervasiveness of violence in the real world.

Although such mistakes do tend to suggest the limitations in Arlen's critical range, a fair share of slips are probably inevitable in a collection of thirty essays written over a period of four years. So is the tendency to write from conflicting viewpoints once in a while. Arlen's standard position in favor of the mass nature of the medium but against most of the *status quo* in programing usually allows him to negotiate an admirable path between the cul-de-sacs of complete highbrow castigation or lowbrow celebration. This stance does appear to provide the basic critical framework for Arlen's analyses of most prime-time serials and specials in *The Camera Age*. Nevertheless, Arlen sometimes fails to avoid the trap of highbrow snobbism. His comparison of television with masturbation, for instance, smacks of the bitter aesthetic defensiveness of Macdonald. In a similar essay emphasizing the helpless passivity of the airplane passenger as well as the television watcher ("Prufrock Aloft; Prufrock Before the Television Set"), Arlen goes so far as to embrace the sour view of modern mass society

A Return to Clausewitz?

. . . Pointing nuclear weapons at military targets, and thereby emphasizing their nature as weapons, marks the beginning of a sea-change in the psychology of Russian-American confrontation, a gradual acceptance of the possibility of war. Military and civilian leaders will of course go on saying their purpose is to prevent war, but there is a vast difference between saying that war is inherently too terrible to happen, and that we are too strong and alert to be challenged successfully. . . .

From the day of Hiroshima forward it has been apparent that nuclear weapons meant trouble for humanity. It might even be argued that no one has felt truly light-hearted since. But thirty-five years is a long time to keep something in mind; young men have grown old and died since 1945, while the problem has grown steadily more complicated and intractable as technical progress has made the weapons more versatile. It is the weapons, in fact, which have been leading the way, not we the weapons. . . .

——Thomas Powers in *Commonweal*, October 10, 1980.

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espoused by the high-priest of elitist criticism, T.S. Eliot. The shortcomings in such an approach cannot be spelled out here, but it can be pointed out that Arlen's own best essays on television have helped to demolish glib, elitist generalizations about the monolithic passivity, impotence, and banality of modern life.

The discrepancies in Arlen's viewpoint become more confusing when he goes to the other extreme and actually expresses a lowbrow position. In the essay preceding his Prufrockian excursion, for example, Arlen writes an apology ("Jim Peck's Cabaret") for a morning game show featuring husbands and wives called *3's a Crowd* (which seems to be a spin-off from the more well-known *Newlywed Game*). Rather than arguing that such shows represent the epitome of modern mass vulgarity, Arlen totally reverses critical direction and suggests that "most of our popular television game shows" represent "artifacts of popular culture" that affirm traditional "working class" mores. In this instance Arlen flatly rejects the elitist sentiments of Eliot and adopts the proletarian mantle of George Orwell. Arlen grants that "Orwell's representations of working-class marriage and humor" in such essays as "The Art of Donald McGill" needs some updating. Nevertheless he still suggests that "Orwell's perspective on the subject is not a bad guide to *3's a Crowd*. . . ." The path from the McGill Grub-street postcards in England circa 1941 to the slick technological products of Hollywood in the late 1970s is exceedingly complicated, and Arlen's acknowledgment of this point does not make his transference of Orwell's observations any more convincing than his conflicting appropriation of Eliot's highbrow sentiments.

Perhaps sensing the confusion created by his uncharacteristic swings from Eliot to Orwell, Arlen adds an "Introduction" to *The Camera Age* which tries to redefine his critical position. In effect he tries to resolve the contradictions by splitting the difference evenly between highbrow rejection and lowbrow acceptance:

> . . . Television is variously defined as all-powerful, manipulative, hypnotic: a dark, electronic necromancer. . . . Naturally, these generalities have a certain amount of truth to them, at least some of the time, at least now and then. . . . Television is certainly a powerful authority. . . . But on most evenings of the year, in most households of the land, it is a safe bet that the nation's favorite television programs are being viewed not only happily but satisfactorily while a myriad of . . . parallel activities are going on.

This utopian strategy accentuates Arlen's critical confusion and hopelessly garbles his critical position. Arlen rightly pleads in his defense that television is an extremely elusive cultural medium — "hard to pin down, almost impossible" — and the fact that his viewpoint occasionally gets tied up in knots should not overshadow his more frequent successes of unraveling the messages of the medium. Yet it seems evident that Arlen should avoid trying to pick up the complex intellectual threads of yesteryear's grand cultural critics. He does much better when he simply follows his own modest notion that television can but does not usually serve its mass audience well.

Terrorism—demagogy & denial

THE TERROR NETWORK
THE SECRET WAR OF
INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM
Claire Sterling
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $13.95, 352 pp.

Ernest Evans

THE TERROR NETWORK is an analysis of international terrorism in the decade of the 1970s. The author, Claire Sterling, is a foreign correspondent who has lived in Rome for the past thirty years. The chapters of the book provide an analysis of several of the leading terrorists of the 1970s; of several of the major terrorist campaigns of the 1970s; and of the assistance that terrorist movements have received and are receiving from Cuba, Libya, the Palestinians, South Yemen, and the Soviet Union.

In reviewing *The Terror Network* it is essential both to discuss the book itself and to discuss the reaction to the book. Looking first at the book itself, there can be no doubt but that Sterling has made two valuable contributions to the understanding of contemporary terrorism: First, she has documented the extensive assistance given by the Soviet Union and its allies to the terrorist movements of the world; second, she has provided a good discussion of the dangers that terrorism poses to the survival of democratic systems of government.

The chief weakness of the book is that Sterling does not put enough emphasis on the local causes and problems that give rise to terrorist movements in various countries. For Sterling this is an error of omission — she acknowledges the importance of local causes and problems, but does not provide much discussion of these causes and problems. Unfortunately, this error of omission on her part has led to an error of commission by many of her supporters: These supporters have claimed that Sterling's book proves that the terrorism of the past decade is almost entirely the work of the Soviet bloc. (Again, it must be emphasized that this is *not* a claim that Sterling herself has made.)

The reaction of American conservatives to Sterling's book has been to use this book to buttress their arguments in favor of the following two policies with respect to terrorism:

1. The United States should stop criticizing human rights violations by its allies; the human rights violations of these allies are the inevitable side-effect of the struggles that these allies are engaged in against Soviet-supported terrorist movements.

2. The United States must strengthen its own internal security preparations so as to be able to deal with the problem of terrorism; specifically, the intelligence agencies must be allowed greater free-

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dom to combat political extremists and terrorists and the Congress should vigorously investigate subversive movements.

The reaction of American liberals and leftists to Sterling's book has been, for the most part, to deny that terrorism is a problem. This denial takes one or all of the following three forms: 1. Terrorism is not a serious problem because only a very small number of people have been victimized by terrorists. 2. Terrorism may be a problem of some magnitude, but the real problems are world hunger, unemployment, the environment, the nuclear arms race, etc. depending upon one's favorite cause. 3. the issue of terrorism is a bogus issue that is being used by certain right-wing elements as a justification for curtailing civil liberties.

This denial by American liberals and leftists that terrorism is a problem is similar to the denial by the majority of these individuals that violent crime is a problem. As is the case with the problem of terrorism, liberals and leftists attempt to deny that violent crime is a problem by claiming that the extent of violent crime has been overstated, that other issues are much more important than violent crime, and that the issue of violent crime is being used by racists to stir up a backlash against civil rights. And just as the refusal by American liberals and leftists to confront the violent crime issue has left the field to the conservatives, so too the refusal by liberals and leftists to face up to the reality that terrorism is a very serious problem has left the conservatives in charge of the agenda of discussion on this issue. In other words, the conservatives may have a bad policy to deal with terrorism, but the liberals and leftists have no policy; and in a debate over a given issue a bad policy will usually triumph over no policy.

American liberals and leftists should use the discussion on terrorism occasioned by Sterling's book to put forward their own policy on how to deal with terrorism. Any such policy must include the following components:

1. A strong defense of civil liberties. There is a real danger that the current climate of alarm about terrorism could be exploited to justify McCarthy-type measures.

2. At the same time that civil liberties must be protected, American liberals and leftists must recognize that the claims of national security are legitimate too. All too often American liberals and leftists have opposed any steps to deal with terrorism on the grounds that such steps infringe on civil liberties. In a word, just as the claims of national security are not absolute, so too the claims of civil liberties are not absolute; there must be a reasonable and fair compromise between these two sets of claims.

3. The United States should continue to protest human rights violations in both Communist and non-Communist states. In the long run, a policy of vigorously defending human rights is quite compatible with combating terrorism. The best defense against the emergence of serious extremist movements is for governments to be responsive to the legitimate grievances of their citizens; as President Kennedy said in 1962: "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable." The downfall of Somoza and the Shah in 1979 is an eloquent reminder of the wisdom contained in Kennedy's remark.

4. In deciding whether or not to support U.S. assistance to allied governments that are struggling against terrorists, American liberals and leftists must learn to make distinctions between different types of governments. Specifically, the key question that must be asked is not whether these governments are committing atrocities in the course of their struggle against the terrorists (such atrocities are inevitable in such a struggle), but rather whether these atrocities are a side effect of the struggle or an integral part of it. For example, in the struggle against their domestic terrorists the security forces of West Germany have on occasion used excessive violence; however, such excessive violence is not an integral part of the struggle against terrorism in West Germany. In contrast, in Argentina in the years since the 1976 coup the security forces have made torture and assassination the key tools in combating the terrorist movements of that country. Hence American liberals and leftists should be quite willing to support American aid to West Germany in its struggle against terrorism, but should refuse to support such aid to Argentina.

The stream that feeds the well within

THE PRACTICE OF PROCESS MEDITATION
THE INTENSIVE JOURNAL WAY TO SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE
Ira Progoff
Dialogue House, $12.95, 344 pp.

William V. Dych

IN this latest volume Dr. Progoff would familiarize the reader with one of the key components of his Intensive Journal Method, the practice of process meditation. The purpose of such meditation is best expressed in the author's own hypothesis, inspired by the massive burning of books during the Hitler era: supposing that all the Bibles in the world were burned, how would we recover the spiritual wisdom of the ages? We would have to return to the same great source from which it came, says the author, for fires can destroy books, but not the depths and the spirit from which they came. Even with the Bibles intact, however, the only way to know their content in any real and experiential way is to be in touch with their source, the depth beyond the doctrines, the wisdom beyond particular beliefs. Process meditation is a method for putting a person in touch with those depths.

The author defines meditation in a broad sense as a "spiritual activity by which human beings seek in many forms throughout history to discover and experience directly the meaningfulness and validity of their lives." It includes "all the disciplines and methods that can be used to deepen inner awareness," and all the means people use to "reach toward meaning in their lives." Meditation, then, is taking place to some degree

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whenever "human beings stop the mindless movement of their individual life experience in order to reflect on its significance." In this broad sense meditation is, or should be, part of every human life, and in stressing this Progoff is echoing the Socratic sentiment that "the unexamined life is not worth living."

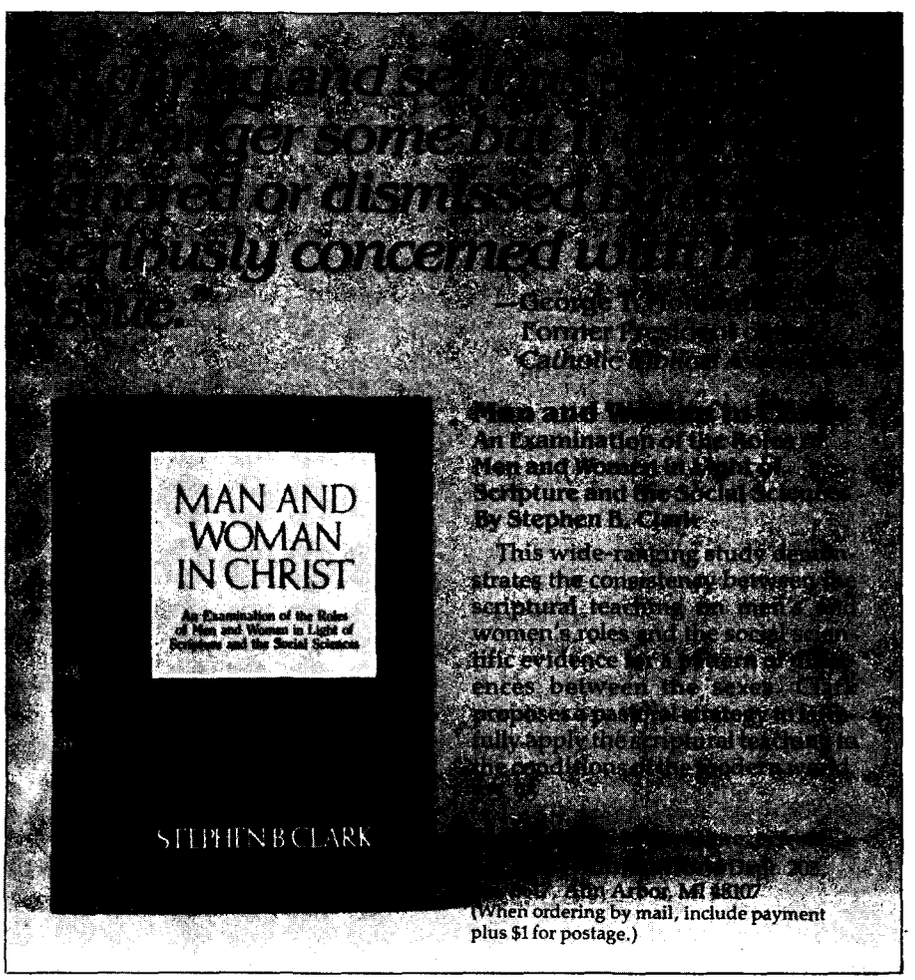
But when does meditation become "process meditation?" Here the author would situate his Socratic sentiment thoroughly within the modern world and its sense of the nature of reality. Process is "the principle of continuity in the universe," and Progoff sees this notion as one of the most important concepts for understanding the world in which we live, and more specifically for the purpose of this book, for understanding ourselves. It is a process which unifies and integrates otherwise disparate elements in the world and in ourselves. By applying this evolutionary principle to the interior life, process meditation would see each individual element as a moment within a larger process containing life's comprehensive reality and meaning.

For the author, however, process plays not only a unifying and integrating role, but also a creative role. Process can lead to something genuinely new, to an "emergent" not contained in the factors which brought it forth, or in the cause-and-effect factors themselves. Based on this principle, process meditation would create the atmosphere and the conditions of emergence in which the individual person can both discover and become a further and fuller self. Keeping a journal, then, indeed an "intensive" and reflective journal, rather than a diary of external events, is crucial in the process of letting things come together, of seeing connections and allowing new possibilities to emerge.

The journal is a key component in the meditative process because it guarantees "objectivity": the real events, real persons, and real situations which make up the journal record are the seedbed for the emergence of something new. Process meditation does not offer an escape from the outside world into a purely interior, subjective haven, but a method for doing something creative with the realities of one's own world. Through the Journal Method all the realities which make up one's past and present are brought into the meditation process where this actuality can become a new possibility for the future. Hence the purpose of meditation is not to analyze and judge the past and present and thereby define the individual, but to see them as moments within an open and ongoing process.

New possibilities can be discovered by entering into what Progoff calls the "twilight range" of human consciousness. It is approached via an entrance meditation whose purpose is to establish a prayerful atmosphere, an interior space where a person can become quiet and centered, and the twilight range itself is an area of consciousness *between* sleep and deliberate, conscious activity. Recalling an ancient Tibetan teaching that a drop of water left to itself will quickly evaporate, but if united with an ocean it will last forever, the author proposes the metaphor of a well that lies within each of us, and at the bottom a stream. The isolated individual must establish contact with this stream, with the depths within where life is seen in a larger than personal, individual context. The twilight range gives us access to this "inner wisdom," a knowledge we have which is more than we understand. Hence in this twilight range there is a suspension of the activity of the conscious ego, of the mind and will, so that the person will be carried by the energy that moves at these deeper levels.

To clarify these various levels of consciousness, Dr. Progoff employs an analogy from the physical universe. In our everyday experience a piece of wood is a single, opaque unit, but this apparent solidity is only its outer aspect. We know from the science of chemistry that underneath this outward appearance there is an inner reality that is the movement of molecules. There is a correspondence with human existence on both points: human existence too has a duality of outer appearance and inner reality, and


MAN AND WOMAN IN CHRIST
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STEPHEN B CLARK
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the depths of human existence are also characterized by motion, the movement of images and subliminal thoughts. To express this analogy between the molecular level of physical reality and the inner life of human beings, Progoff speaks of "molecules of thought and imagery." Thoughts and images move as molecules move, they can come together to form new combinations, and their regrouping into new patterns within is reflected by new qualities of outer behavior and action.

The basic technique for entering into the twilight range is the use of what the author calls "mantra-crystals." The former term, derived from oriental religion, refers to anything that serves as an aid to meditation by quieting the self. It can be a single word, a group of words, a sound, a musical note, a chant, or a painting or piece of sculpture. But unlike the use of such mantras in Eastern religion, Dr. Progoff insists that it not be given to a person, but chosen by the individual and organic to his or her own experience. This follows from the central principle of the Intensive Journal Method, to honor the unique life history of every individual person. The mantra is also called a "crystal" because it should be a very small but representative piece of a larger experience, something to remind us of the earlier experience and place us in its atmosphere. It thus can become a prism to refract the rays of consciousness, to relate us to what has gone before and to be a vehicle of light in a new form. The author's experience indicates that the mantra-crystal should be seven syllables, such as the Greek phrase, "Kyrie Eleison," or the English, "Lord Jesus Christ have mercy." When the phrase is truly organic to the individual's own experience, and when it is repeated in conjunction with rhythmic breathing, it becomes a "prayer that prays itself," freeing the person from the conscious ego and putting one in touch with his or her own inner stream that is the source of new energy and life.

It would be difficult to imagine a more positive affirmation of what Catholic theologian Karl Rahner calls the universal presence of grace and the Spirit than Progoff's conviction that there is in

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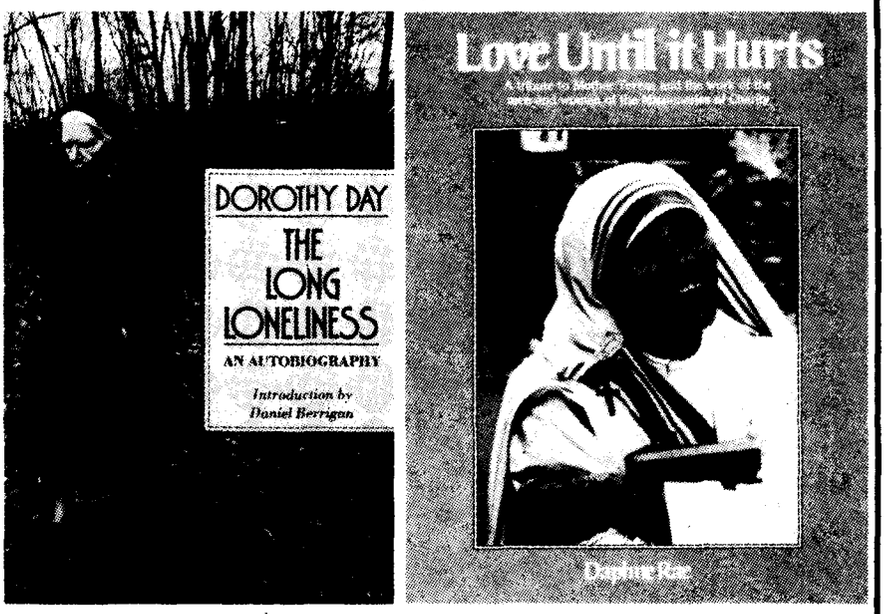

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every human being an inner source of new light and life that expresses itself whenever the circumstances are right. It is a presence, however, which both insist can be missed, ignored, or stifled, and hence the need to create the atmosphere by something like process meditation. The process, moreover, is never finished, but involves a lifelong meditation which reaches toward what is qualitative in human existence. For the quest for meaning which is at the heart of the meditative life is not a quest for a fixed object, not seeking a truth that objectively exists and is waiting there for us to find it. The quest itself, rather, and the meaning we seek builds and grows as our capacity to experience grows. In this sense meaning is being created and added to our lives and to the universe, and this is part of the qualitative evolution beyond the physical that is taking place in the universe.

Writing these lines as I am in a Trappist monastery, and during the time when Christians are celebrating their Holy Week and Jews their Passover, prompts two observations intended more as a compliment than a criticism of Dr. Progoff's method. First, both Jews and Christians believe in a God of history and that certain events of the past are filled with enduring significance. These they remember and celebrate in their feasts, and hence memory of these concrete events can never be replaced by meditation on one's own life history or contemplation of eternal truths. Secondly, how is this memory to be kept alive except through a community, its stories and its celebrations? Should this historical and social dimension of human existence be forgotten, the individual can be lost in an individualism with no roots except in his or her own story. The past of which we are the "sum," as Teilhard de Chardin says, is not just our own personal, individual past. Yet it remains true that the knowledge of these past events in all their objectivity must be personalized in and through one's own life and history, and it is this truth that Dr. Progoff stresses and this process he would facilitate through the practice of process meditation.

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Science, ideology, & exploitation

THE DEATH OF NATURE: WOMAN, ECOLOGY, AND THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION

Carolyn Merchant

Harper & Row, $16.95, 348 pp.

Margaret C. Jacob

OUR present system of environmental exploitation, as dictated by the necessities of capitalism, urgently requires that we search for the origins of modern science in relation to the history of Western economic development. Add to this necessary urgency the equally viable feminist perspective which sees in the exploitation of natural and human resources a particularly male drive and we have identified the ideological framework out of which Carolyn Merchant has written *The Death of Nature*. Her book argues that the historical triumph of the mechanical conception of nature—the central achievement of the seventeenth-century Scientific Revolution—coincides with the destruction of a more ancient and humane vitalism. The defeated philosophy of "spirit alive in nature" allowed nature to be androgynous, says Merchant, and that necessitated, at least by implication, communal ownership and use of human resources without their wanton destruction.

Persuasively, Merchant argues that the new scientists of the seventeenth century—Descartes, Hobbes, Boyle, Newton, for example—took over an essentially neo-Platonic description of nature as female and in need of constant shaping and manipulation. For instance, in *The Masculine Birth of Time* Francis Bacon (1561-1626) urged men to interrogate nature, "to bind her to your service and make her your slave." Both as metaphor and as a program for action the new mechanical understanding of the universe proclaimed, in Merchant's words, "the new image of nature as a female to be controlled and dissected through experiment [and it] legitimated the exploitation of natural resources." In her account of the Scientific Revolution, she finds that emergent capitalism, male domination, and ruthless environmental exploitation were historically connected, just as they remain ideologically linked today.

But is the history upon which Merchant rests her analysis of the Scientific Revolution essentially correct? In the course of the seventeenth century the new science unquestionably destroyed the old vitalism, but has Merchant understood the implications of that intellectual revolution? One may agree that the new mechanical philosophy, as articulated by Hobbes and Descartes, rendered nature dead and hence exploitable. But Merchant appears not to know that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries many radical critics of the established order found in that very mechanical vision of the universe the foundation for a new dynamic, even dialectical, view of humanity, nature, and history. The new science was capable of receiving a multitude of ideological interpretations. Since the nineteenth century the scientific materialism that emerged from the radical reading of the Scientific Revolution has offered the most compelling and

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coherent programmatic alternative to the very environmental and social exploitation that Merchant seeks to understand historically. But the route to dialectical materialism lies not in the ancient vitalism as such but through the new science. There is no way we can understand the origins of Diderot's materialism, or d'Holbach's, and finally that of Marx, without seeing the historically crucial role played by the new science of the seventeenth century.

Merchant correctly perceives that Descartes was not a materialist; he was too concerned with the maintenance of Christian orthodoxy and social order to countenance a philosophical heresy with such dangerous social implications. But many of his eighteenth century followers, not least among them Diderot, extracted modern materialism from his writings. Likewise Hobbes was no pantheist—he repudiated any form of vitalism—but the eighteenth century pantheists and materialists made him, along with that seminal thinker, Spinoza, an important source for social criticism. They rightly perceived that the old vitalism, without a scientific understanding of nature, ultimately endorsed feudal and manorial exploitation, priestly authority, and divinely sanctioned monarchy, and not the communalism attributed to it by Merchant.

This book begins with an ideological perspective sorely needed in historical research and writing about the origins of modern science. Like other contemporary commentators, among them the German philosopher, Heidegger, Merchant perceives that the mechanization of nature also fostered its exploitation. But her analysis ultimately founders in a wealth of historical detail, particularly about seventeenth century England, that has been poorly assimilated. Merchant sees that the English Revolution (1640-60) was a turning point in the history of Western science. It was then that the first revolutionary generation of pantheists and materialists, intent upon democratizing their society, were defeated. But Merchant fails to perceive that they had successors—radicals who by dint of wiser experience accepted the new science and then used it to fashion a new pantheism. Their philosophy permeated the clandestine literature of the early Enlightenment and it was coupled with a compelling critique of absolute monarchy, oligarchy, and established religion. Diderot and d'Holbach were heirs to that critique. Merchant fails to grasp that well-documented historical link because she does not see the importance, comprehensiveness, and durability of the radical tradition initiated by English sectaries during the mid-century Revolution and developed by eighteenth-century radical intepreters of Spinoza, Hobbes, Descartes, and even Newton.

Her bias in favor of the old vitalism—

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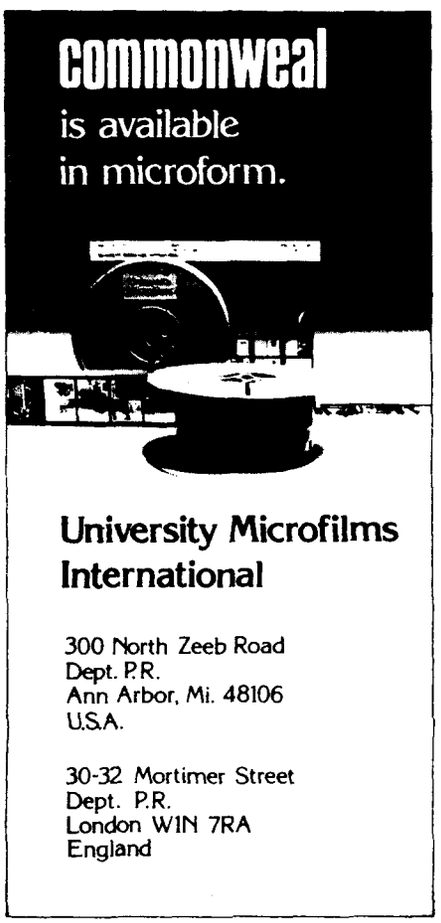
to the point of ignoring the political filiations of its proponents—leads Merchant to imagine that "the most radical analysis of activity in nature" was put forward by Paracelsus, a sixteenth-century medical practitioner and theorist, and two of his seventeenth century followers, the Van Helmonts, and Lady Anne Conway. This is simply not historically accurate. Both in retrospect and at the time, the most radical analysis of activity (and therefore change) in both nature and society was put forward during the English Revolution by the pantheistic Levelers, the yet-to-be-tamed Quakers, and by that major political theorist, Gerard Winstanley. In their disparate writings we can find vitalism abundant, but it is coupled with a rigorous analysis of who owns what. Their political and ideological defeat at the hands of scientists like Boyle and Newton did not signal the demise of their republican vision, nor did it lead their eighteenth-century successors to repudiate the mechanical understanding of nature. These successors accepted the discoveries of seventeenth-century science. What they abandoned was sectarian radicalism in favor of a cosmopolitan yet republican radicalism which at every opportunity assaulted European absolutism and the power of state-supported churches.

In early modern Europe vitalism was not "inherently anti-exploitative" any more than it is today. Historically, vitalism became democratic only when refined in the crucible of science. Among other things, a scientific understanding of the universe made it possible, but not inevitable, to equate God with nature—and this form of atheism undercut traditional religiosity and the support it could offer absolutist regimes. But even that sort of natural religion had also to be combined with a concrete political analysis of the origins and nature of economic exploitation. Contrary to Merchant's portrait, philosophers like Lady Anne Conway and Leibniz — both vitalists with a strong interest in science—attacked any form of atheism that permitted nature to possess an independent existence and they were horrified by the social program of the English revolutionaries. Indeed Leibniz repudiated a contemporary pantheist like John Toland (1670-1722)—one of those inheritors of the mid-century revolutionary tradition—while busying himself in Germany trying to find the most ruthlessly efficient means of extracting metals from the earth. Leibniz, the vitalist, supported absolute monarchy, while Spinoza, the pantheist, whom Merchant fails to understand and whom she comes dangerously close to dismissing, was a republican.

Good ideology does not good history make; and ideology that has strongly romantic tendencies actually distorts the past. Such distortion, in our present predicament, gives solace in those quarters where none should be allowed, while it deprives us of an historical tradition from which we might legitimate a democratic, egalitarian, and communistic (small "c") program.



REVIEWERS

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 514)

proposal advanced is one of radical democratization: The choice of ministers through popular acclamation or approval. There is no surer way to build a conformist and theologically vapid church than by such means. Given current realities where would the issues of justice and peace be under such conditions? Strangely enough it has been that most undemocratic of institutions, the papacy, that has kept alive the Gospel's commitment to the poor and the oppressed in the modern world. Formal democracy may be the simple answer given by all liberals inside and outside of the church, but that is not the way to build community. To choose that route is only to leave the way completely open for a reactionary reversal. We are presently seeing that on the political front. And are there not signs of that on the ecclesial front?

One of the other assumptions Kiefer makes is that authentic liturgy is based on anthropology. It is often assumed that since liturgy is ritual one can turn to anthropological literature on ritual behavior to find the basis for a reworking of liturgy for modern men and women who have lost contact with "a liturgy of dynamic power." The odd thing about

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this argument is that instead of being a new reformation of liturgical practice, it follows the same principles as the Romanization of the liturgy in the fifth century. Roman court ritual has over the centuries fostered a public worship. Nonetheless, it is the result of a secularization of the liturgy. Recourse to anthropology will have the same effect.

There is a way out of the dilemma presented by the failure of our discipline, doctrine, and liturgies to make honest statements. And that is to encourage the present movement to allow institutions and practices to grow out of the scriptural roots of the liturgy and theology and to base liturgical practices upon communities formed first of all by the authentic preaching of the Gospel. That is not simple and cannot be summarized in any liberal formula. Where the Gospel is preached to the poor and the oppressed, liturgy and doctrine will be profoundly moving, because we will all be sharing in the act of laying down our lives for one another. What we say and what we do has "dynamic power" if we follow Jesus to Jerusalem.

GARTH GILLAN
Associate Professor, Philosophy
Southern Illinois University

Pawns & platitudes

Vicksburg, Miss.

To the Editors: I am a subscriber to both *Commonweal* and *The New Oxford Review*. I like both magazines, and, hence, I was dismayed to see a couple of critics in your "Correspondence" column [July 3] urge you to refuse advertising space to *The New Oxford Review*. Mr. Machado, one of the critics, appealed for rejection on the basis that such ads do not belong in "a magazine of integrity and intelligence." I submit that precisely because *Commonweal* is a magazine of integrity and intelligence the *Commonweal* staff should not discriminate against proponents of orthodoxy. The aforementioned critics seem to think that *Commonweal* should always present itself as a nice and proper journalistic enterprise of the liberal persuasion. However, I, a theological conservative (if you must use labels), think *Commonweal* is worth reading because it does not prostitute itself to the type of one-sided propagandism and ugly anti-authoritarianism that characterizes some liberal publications. I am under the impression that *Commonweal*'s staff consists of people who are not afraid that its readers might be willing to give audience to the other side (e.g., *The New Oxford Review*) out of fairmindedness. In fact, I am willing to bet that *Commonweal* staffers take their pride in being a *loyal* opposition rather than in being simply an opposition for the sake of opposition against the leadership of the church. Please don't disappoint me and thousands of other readers with a narrowness of mind and heart.

If I may comment further, I would like to mention that I pray frequently for reconciliation between the many factions in our troubled church. Too often conservative Christians are unduly afraid that their progressivist brothers are pushing for worthwhile changes at too quick of a pace, while progressivist/"liberal" Christians often tend to forget to show enough respect for their conservative/"orthodox" brothers' legitimate concern that changes do not depart from a Christ-directed tradition laboriously shaped by saints through many centuries for the benefit of us, their spiritual descendants on earth. . . . Progressivist brethren are needed to convict the world of its failure because of *social sins*. Likewise, conservative brethren are needed to continue to call the world to repent of *personal sins*, which are often fundamental to social maladies. Most of all, all the brethren must learn to stick together lest the evil in the world play us against one another and bring the gospel to shame. How sad it is when conservative brethren become the unwitting pawns of political reactionaries whose professed respect for Christian tradition is only pharisaical. . . . It is equally tragic when our progressivist brethren become confused by the biblical-sounding but essentially unbiblical platitudes and rhetoric of humanists who want only a moral *carte blanche* from us. . . . The children of light must not be deceived by wolves in sheep's clothing; we must be more wary and distrustful of the causes and isms we would espouse than we are of our brothers whom many of these ideologies shamefully pit us against. . . .

DAVID K. SEID

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